The White Invasion of China—By Senator Beveridge

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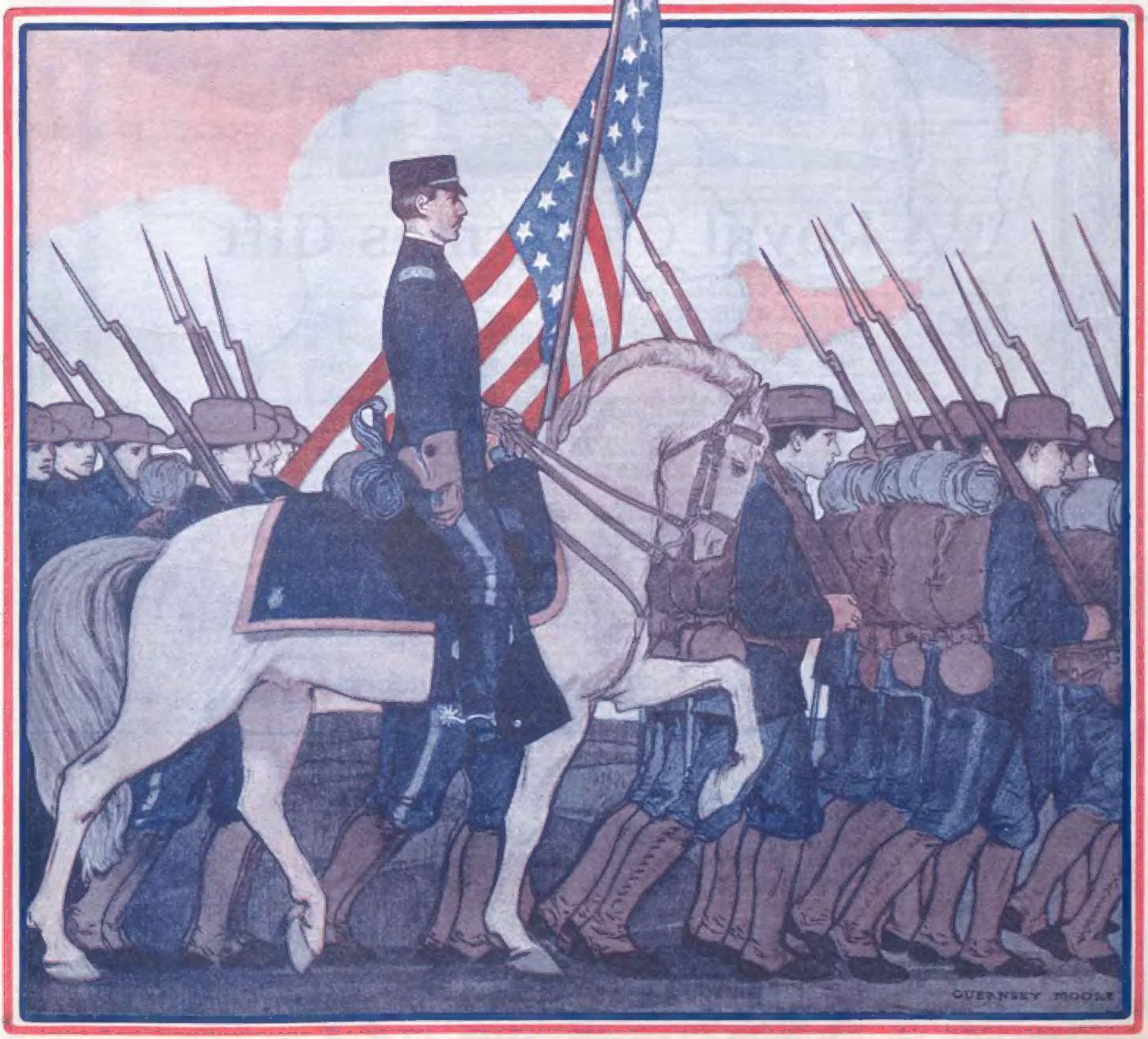

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The White Invasion of China

By Albert J. Beveridge
U. S. Senator from Indiana

An American engine, in use on the Manchurian railroad

Russian Greek Church being built by Chinese laborers, many of whom were Boxers, 300 miles in the interior of Manchuria

THE RUSSIAN SYSTEM OF BENEVOLENT ASSIMILATION

IT HAD been a day of hardship and hunger. The floods had cut us off from food. Temporary bridges had been swept away by a sudden rush of waters from a series of cloudbursts in the near-by mountains. The flood of the seventies when thousands lost their lives was repeated in Manchuria last summer. One had to drink tea made from muddy waters, along which now and then a drowned Chinaman floated by. Rivers ran so swift and wide that it appeared impossible for a boat to be propelled from shore to shore. Once when a too daring party of three attempted the current the racing rapids snatched the boat from their control. High winds blew bits of sand into your face until the skin felt perforated as by a hundred needle-points, and the blazing sun stung and burned and blistered.

But there was no note of impatience from any Russian tongue. Only a German and an American, and a Dane acting as English, Russian and Chinese interpreter—only these fretted with the impatience of too highly organized nerves. Attempt after attempt is made to rescue this strange company. Attempt after attempt fails. And in the attempts some men are drowned. Still no disturbance of the Russian phlegm. Your Dane, your German and your American may pace up and down and mutter and complain. The Russian sits stolidly on the great embankment or firmly stands and patiently waits, patiently watches, good-humored, adaptable, imperturbable. Note well this characteristic even in the folly of your impatience, my German friend and my American friend. For here is another source of Russian power which, in cooler moments and at greater leisure, it will pay you well to study, and deeply study, too.

At last a huge boat, hauled miles up stream, is floated down and paddled steadily toward your shore, and half a mile below you the Cossacks who are bringing it to your relief succeed in running it into the marshes on your side of the river. With much pains, much patience and with constant danger of being drowned, they finally bring it to your feet, and you embark. With exertions which make you fear for them, so mightily do they labor, so swelled and congested become the veins in their foreheads, the Cossacks finally reach the other side a long distance below the point from which you started.

That night you sit exhausted at a Russian local headquarters in the heart of the most troubled district of Manchuria. The headquarters consist of four great buildings, of a single story, with thick walls of hardened gray bricks, inclosing a court whose sward is green with often-watered grass and delicious with flowers whose careful tending tells you of the supervision and directing hand of woman. It is very restful, secure from sun and protected from storm, and there are kindly-mannered, travel-cultured Russian officers about you, conversing pleasantly and quite freely on any subject you like. The talk includes in its range even the respective merits and demerits of their government as compared with yours, the wisdom or unwisdom, according to individual opinion, of the Russian program in Manchuria or the ecclesiastical policy of the Greek church, and, strangest of all, the nature and meaning of our American industrial organizations known as "Trusts." (The Russian is just as curious and keen an inquirer as the American.) Night falls. Heavy clouds shut out the stars. An occasional drop of rain spats upon the roof; and then descends the steady downpour of a Manchurian rainfall. All of you—Russian, German, American and Dane—feel very far away from the world, very much cut off from your kind, very much surrounded by dangers; as indeed you are.

Suddenly through the darkness, which the rain emphasizes, a bugle peals across the night a few martial and not untuneful notes, and then silence again closes on the sound. For a moment only the stillness, and then there rises strong and fervid and deep-toned a solemn chant. The talk ceases. Every officer makes the sign of the Cross and the night is full of the feeling and atmosphere of prayer. A strange sound surely for such a place. You ask its meaning, and learn that it is the Cossacks in their barracks intoning their night-time appeal to the throne of God for His care and protection in toil and in battle, and finally for the salvation of these, His servants, when, their duty done, they shall stand before His face.

Go, you doubter of the sincerity of these bearded soldiers, and behold the faces of these men as this song-prayer is chanted! Witness the attitude of adoration; see the looks of humility; behold shining from their eyes the light of a faith which is sufficient for them even unto death! And however you reason it out you cannot—resist it as you will—overcome the feeling that here is a vital element of Russian power and an efficient instrument of Russian policy. You sometimes feel that you cannot put this very real thing—this simple faith of these Russian soldiers—on the low plane of a mere agency of statecraft. Sometimes in spite of yourself the suggestion forces upon you that this unquestioning belief is quite as real as your own. And it is a curious confusion of thoughts that crowds upon your mind when you reflect that these are the men who that very day risked their lives just to give you and others a little comfort—risked them gladly and with laughter. These are the men who meet and subdue and destroy those famous bands of robbers who for decades have so terrorized Manchuria that even their crimes have come to be licensed. Study it well, you German student of the elements of empire, noting as you are the smallest

Chinese policeman employed by the Russian Government in Manchuria

A stretch of the completed and ballasted line on the Southern Manchurian division

Pile of American flour by side of line, 300 miles in the interior of Manchuria

incident which passes before your watchful eyes. And study it well, too, you American, for here, it may be, is a force in the hands of Russian statesmanship with which you must reckon, and all the world.

Although building railroads, raising towns, constructing churches, and the other works of peace constitute the largest part of the method employed by the Government in Russianizing Manchuria, one must not think that military activity is wanting entirely. It is not wanting. But when you compare the expenditure of energy and money in the execution of her peaceful methods with the energy and money expended in her warlike activities the proportion is nine to one. This is true, too, in external appearances, in physical manifestations and results.

Remembering this proportion we can better appreciate at its real value Russia's military operations in constructing her new empire on the Pacific. Never forget that when Russia feels it necessary to employ her soldiers in the field she does not hesitate. She uses them with all the power and deadly effect possible. This is as true of a little campaign as a big one. It was as true of the final campaign in south-central Manchuria in the summer of 1901 as it was of the campaign made necessary by the Boxer movement. The robber bands, whose richest field of operations extended from the port of New-Chwang in southwestern Manchuria, through Mookden to Kirin in central-eastern Manchuria (a diagonal line of several hundred miles), have clung tenaciously to their criminal supremacy. Through this territory the trade of Manchuria and even a portion of the commerce of Trans-Baikal Siberia passes.

Over this commerce the robbers of Manchuria exercised such a terrorism that merchants, foreign as well as Chinese, finally came to recognize the authority of these powers of pillage; and an office was established in the port of New-Chwang where persons desiring to import goods into Manchuria might secure insurance against molestation from robber hordes. When this insurance was paid for the robber agent gave the merchant a document and a little flag; and with this document in his possession and this flag nailed to the carts or boats he traveled in safety.

This was the system of crime which Russia found in southern Manchuria, from the profits of which some thousands of criminals were living in unmolested insolence. These robbers were among the most relentless of the Boxers; and, after that fanatical movement had been suppressed, these Manchurian brigands did not cease for an instant their activity against the power whose firm establishment in Manchuria would mean the certain and permanent destruction of their practices.

How Cierpitsky Wiped Out the Brigands

Russia did not hesitate an instant. She sent no commission to treat with them. No honeyed methods, no moral suasion, no "sweet reasonableness" was employed. Russia understood the people she was dealing with. It is said that the forces she dispatched to the scene of disturbance would not receive a flag of truce from the brigands and could not have sent one unless they had taken the white blouse of the common soldier for that purpose. "We never carry material from which flags of truce can be made," said a young officer, rather vaingloriously.

Mookden was instantly garrisoned with 12,000 men (this garrison is still there), and a flying body of a great many more (no one knows how many) was placed in the field, commanded by picked officers, every one of whom had distinguished himself for courage and resource within the preceding twelve months either in the Boxer uprising or in some of the frontier campaigns of Russia. And the whole was under the command of the Kitchener of Russia, the Muscovite Lawton—General Lieutenant Cierpitsky. This commander is Russia's field fighter. He has given his life to the business of war, and loves his profession with an enthusiasm which cannot properly be described by any other word than passionate. He took the field in person at the head of his troops. Three thousand robbers were killed in less than six weeks; two thousand were captured, and the rest scattered and hunted like beasts into the very caves and fastnesses of the concealing mountains. The power of organized brigandage in Manchuria has been destroyed forever. And do not forget that it was a formidable power of its kind. In comparison with similar organizations it could even be said to have had resources supplied by the fees of licensed spoliation. It was comparatively a well-organized power, with captains and chiefs and general commanders. And now it is broken, crushed, scattered, obliterated, in a period of time ordinarily required to get ready for such a campaign. And this was accomplished by the simple process of making war when war was inevitable, just as though there were nothing else in the world to do but to make war; instead of conciliating one day and threatening the next; instead of entertaining insurgents on Monday and taking the field against them on Tuesday.

"You seem to work at this business, General," was a remark made to General Cierpitsky.

"Why not?" said he. "If it is the thing to do, it is the thing to do, is it not?" That was a simple statement that put you in mind of Grant—so clear, so plainly true, so free from complexities, limitations, explanations. "And," added the Russian commander, "I think we have pretty high warrant for it. For what is that in the great book of the world's law" (rather a fine phrase, I thought) "about doing whatever is necessary with all your soul—'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might'—that is the quotation, is it not?"

This remark of the fighting general of Russia was a key to the Russian system of pacification. Also it revealed this interesting circumstance that the field officer of the Empire knew his Bible. Further and extended conversation with him disclosed the fact that he knew other books as well, and especially all that had been written on the science of war. Of course, everybody interested in bringing an end to armed conflict (and we are all interested in that) has read the third volume of Mr. Bloc's really great work on war, in which the author demonstrates by mathematics and statistics the impossibility of any more wars on a large scale between first-rate nations. No civilian can read this remarkable monument of reasoning and learning without becoming convinced that the day of organized slaughter on fields of battle has ended. What more engaging subject then could be suggested to this practical soldier than this book of his fellow-subject and servant of the Czar? However, being merely a soldier, he has probably not read it. Mention it to him timidly, then. You find that he has not only read the third volume but the first and second volumes too, and he overwhelms Mr. Bloc's apparently irrefutable conclusions by pointing out practical facts of so simple and obvious a nature that, civilian though you are, you wonder why you never thought of them yourself. Test this rough-and-ready soldier a little further and you discover that there is not a work in the literature of war which *you* can name to him with which he is not familiar.

The Devotion of Officers and Men

The most notable thing about General Cierpitsky is his devotion to his martial profession; the second thing to impress you is his enthusiasm in Russia's work in Manchuria. It is no forced ardor, no simulated interest.

The following is the way he spoke to a detachment of his soldiers at the close of the Mookden campaign last August.

As the soldiers saw General Cierpitsky walking swiftly down upon them every hand of the long line came instantly and rigidly to the cap in impressive salute, and from a thousand throats in unison was shouted out their soldier greeting to their commander, a free translation of which is: "Hail! our General!" or "Good-morning, our General!" or "We greet you, our General!" And here, in free translation, is the speech he made to them with their responses:

General Cierpitsky—"Soldiers, I am glad to see you again." (Soldiers in unison—"Thank you, our General.") "I congratulate you on the successful close of a hard campaign." (Soldiers in unison—"Thank you, our General.") "You have overcome the robbers armed with the best guns; you have overcome climate, floods and heat; you have overcome dysentery and every form of disease which vile water and viler surroundings create. And, soldiers, you ought to thank God for preserving your lives." (Soldiers in unison—"We thank God, our General.") "And, soldiers, you ought to pray to God to keep you strong to fight again for Him and for your country." (Soldiers—"We pray God, our General.") "Now you are going home and you deserve your rest; but you must always be ready to fight for your Czar, your country and your God." (Soldiers—"We will always be ready, our General.")

Can any one fail to see the significance of this brief address? Here was Russia's hardest field fighter at the end of a bloody campaign, made necessary for the protection of her railroad property, reminding his troops that they had been fighting "for God and their country," commanded to "thank God for preserving their lives," and admonished to be ready always to serve "their God and their country." And there was not one bit of cant in it. It was spontaneous, natural, real.

And so the General closed, and with a kindly wave of his hand to the troops whom he in person and on foot, with sword in hand, had led in a hard excursion in a difficult country, he turned to leave them. Instantly the soldiers broke into the deep-toned, thrilling Russian hurra, and the air was filled with their white caps waved and tossed aloft in adieu to their leader. These soldiers had just returned from a merciless campaign, yet they did not look very bloodthirsty—quite the contrary, quite mild-mannered, quite easy-going, and quite *en rapport* with the people themselves. This is a note touched before in these papers, but it must be touched again and again if you will understand Russia's success in extending her authority.

The Russian army as well as the Russian workingmen and peasants fraternize with the conquered people. They do it naturally and without effort. There is in this familiarity of intercourse a suggestion of kinship. Perhaps Russian understanding of the Asiatic is instinctive and congenital, but it is certain the Russian does understand the Asiatic as no other people understands him; better even than the German, far better than the Englishman.

The great Skobeleff sounded the keynote of Russian policy when he said: "My system is this—to strike hard and keep on hitting until resistance is completely over; then at once to form ranks, cease slaughter, and be kind and humane to the prostrate enemy."

It is a system based on very simple common-sense, is it not? Certainly it is a system peculiarly adapted to Asiatics. At any rate, no man can deny that it has been successful wherever employed. For be it remembered that Russia has absorbed more territory, assimilated a greater number of different peoples, and fought more border wars than any modern nation; and that in the whole course of her ceaseless march there has never been a single uprising against Russian authority once the authority of Russia has been established. That is a fact worth examining and reflecting upon.

The strong man is he who takes the strongest points of every other strong man and makes them his own. Plainly the same is true of nations, too. We are ahead of England in inventions; but England is ahead of us in shipbuilding. Let us therefore take lessons from the Clyde and from Belfast in this noble and ancient-modern art. We are ahead of Germany in very many things; but Germany is ahead of us in polytechnic schools, in philosophy, in commercial system as applied to foreign markets. Let us acquire them of the thoughtful Teuton, who to-day has builded for himself, with few resources and an overcrowded population, the most masterful industrial and political power in Europe to-day.

And so Russia, who is behind us and the world in so very much, may have her special points of expertness and perfection, too. And if one of these should happen to be the art of establishing peace and order and law, let us at least observe her in the process. Possibly something may be learned even of Russia. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." There is nothing quite so fine as to put provincial prejudice beneath our feet and gaze clear-eyed and fearless at facts wherever found.

The Philosophy of the Master of Distance

Such is the type of officer that Russia puts in the field to conduct actual operations at the front. What kind of men does she place in charge of the administrative functions of her forming dominions? What of the minds and characters who are constructing her railway, whose mileage in Manchuria alone is equal to half the distance across the American continent? What of the subordinates in the force of constructive empire—the station agents, the "masters of distance?" After all, the only three things worth studying in any country are the soil and its potentialities, the people and their capacities, and the few leaders and their inherent power. All that is ancient and monumental is of value only in interpreting these three elements of the present.

All Russian railroads are divided into what are called "distances," each distance having a master. This "master of a distance"—literal translation—is a cross between the division superintendent of an American railway and a section boss. The same system exists in Manchuria wherever the railroad is completed. Let us see what quality of mentality and force of character are in this type.

"I believe with all my soul in the orthodox Greek church, but I believe in it as an engine of national authority more than in a religious way"—it is a great, big, bearded "master of distance" on one of the divisions of the Manchurian Railway who is talking now, as the construction train bearing materials proceeds slowly along the temporary track laid by the side of the substantial permanent grade. Let him talk. Every word is a measure of the men in whose hands Russia places her great work of building civilization in Manchuria. "I believe in God, of course," he continues, "but not the individual God with parts and substance who was the Deity of my childhood days. As for immortality, I cannot figure that out. After lifelong meditation it seems to me unthinkable. But there is the immortality of the race—a divine destiny and purpose for every nation. The church of Russia is the highest interpretation of national unity and Slav dominion. And so I am as passionate a member of the Russian church as I am a loyal subject of the Czar, and for much the same reason."

The Mighty Destiny of Russia in the East

"What do you think is the divine destiny, as you call it, of the Russian nation?" was asked of this railway section master.

"You mean, what do I think is the divine mission of the Slav race as expressed through the forms of the Russian autocracy or nation?" was his answer (rather discriminating and analytical, I thought). "Well," continued he, "what do you say to the introduction of law, order, justice and religion among the four hundred millions of China?"

Let us keep in mind this flash of imperial purpose from one of Russia's humblest instruments. What we are doing now is putting the tape measure up and down the spine of Russian agents in Manchuria, finding the length of their arms and the stability of their legs and the size of their heads. And this excerpt from a fascinating conversation does that very well. But here, flaming up in the least expected of places, is an expression of Russian aspiration which must be followed with the same care with which the miner follows the first thin vein of gold that points to priceless and hitherto unsuspected deposits in the heart of the mountains. But that is for another season. It is enough for the present that we find this section master discoursing with sense and real depth of thought upon those most abstruse of all questions involved in the philosophy of the Greek orthodox church. And, far more significant, we find him stating a racial ambition with almost poetic power. Of course, upon the subject of the railroad in Manchuria he will talk to you by the rod, but that was to have been expected. For example:

"The railroad will be much better than the Siberian Railroad," said he. "It is more honestly built for one thing. I do not think there has been any corruption in the construction of the Manchurian road; certainly not so much as in the Siberian and particularly in the Ussuri roads. You notice yourself that the line is as straight as it reasonably can be;" and on he went about the railroad very entertainingly and very informingly. "Ah!" said he, springing up as we came in sight of a thick-walled house built for the engineers and officers of the temporary work; "there is where they nearly got us" (referring to the Boxers last year). "They attacked in force, and had rifles and some field guns. It was a surprise sure enough, I will admit. But we got our men together quickly, and I myself took command. We beat them off, but since the Turkish War I have seen no harder fighting. It was hand to hand sometimes. Six men I shot myself."

He was full of tales like this. And proud as he was of the railroad, he was prouder of his feats as a soldier. It was the soldier bubbling up in his blood from the hidden and profound sources of his very soul. It was that racial spirit not inherent in the Slav blood, but injected into it by more than a thousand years of military assault from Europe on the west and barbaric invasion from Asia on the east. For, if from beneath the placid and languid manner of the Slav the world has now and then been astonished by volcanic eruptions of martial spirit, let the world remember that for many centuries the Turk on the south, the Tartar on the east, the Teuton and the Gaul on the west, and even the icy hosts of Nature on the

Editor's Note—This is the third of Senator Beveridge's papers on the political and commercial situation in the Far East.

Arctic north, have been battling the patient Slav. Why should the world then be surprised if at every point of the compass Russia presents fixed bayonets ready for the thrust? For from every point of the compass Russia has for a thousand years been invaded and assaulted. We cannot take up too much space with conversations of course, but this one is typical. A hundred others like it from men of inferior station might be given. And only brief points from this one are referred to, but their illumination is their apology.

"I make no doubt of the permanency of Russian occupation here," said he. "It is my intention to remain when my contract with the railroad has expired. My wife and children are on the way here now. The opportunities in a hundred lines are so alluring and substantial that I should feel as if I were insulting Fate if I did not improve them. And those opportunities are in every direction. There is mining in the mountains; there is commerce; there is everything. I will show you a young man about twenty-five versts from here who is getting rich with his little provision store."

The interpreter routed out "the young man who is getting rich" at dawn of a morning full of rain. He had a little store in a Russo-Chinese village clustered about a station. He was the typical blond-haired, blue-eyed, light-skinned Slav. We bought meats canned by a Chicago packing firm, crackers made by another American firm. The store was well stocked and every item of its merchandise was from Russia, Germany and America in the order named, except perfumery, which was from France as well as Russia (no Russian store is so mean and humble that it cannot supply you with a half dozen brands of perfumery).

"I am getting a little Chinese custom," the man said. "They take best to American flour. Of course, most of my trade is Russian. It is hard to get any line started with the Chinese; but when it is started, it steadily grows Of course I cannot compete with the Chinese merchants once they take it into their heads to sell the same kind of goods I do. And of course, too, it will not be long before they do that; but by then I shall perhaps have developed into a general merchant for the supply of foreign goods to local merchants."

Here then was a contribution to one of the most important of Oriental commercial studies, to wit—To get the Chinaman to buy your goods you must induce him to like them, and to induce him to like them you must take the thing itself to his very table. When he uses it he acquires a taste for it, and when he acquires a taste for anything the Chinaman becomes the most persistent and generous customer in the world. This observation is by the way, and as a reminder of our larger and more material subject when we reach it.

Santos-Dumont—By Vance Thompson

AËRIAL navigation owes almost all its triumphs to the French; naturally, I daresay—are they not supposed to be a light people? Santos-Dumont, this young hero who has completed the conquest of the air, is French by descent and choice; by birth, Brazilian.

At first glance you would say he had stepped out of a comic weekly of the decade ago when there were "dudes," so slim he is, frail-looking, with a languid air, a very high collar, the long hair parted in the middle. Yet if Nature had set out to make a man for air-voyaging she could have done no better. About five feet six in height, every inch and every ounce of him are nerve and muscle. Withal his slim body is packed full of pluck. Agile as a cat, light as a bird, brimful of cold and steady daring, Monsieur Santos-Dumont is, it may be, the type of what our flying grandsons will be.

The elder Dumont was one of those fabulous millionaires of South America.

Originally a planter at San Paolo, he made himself the King of Coffee and died, leaving millions to each of his ten children. Alberto Santos-Dumont was the youngest of the ten. His early youth was passed on one of the paternal plantations, where there were six thousand workmen and some forty miles of private railway. At twelve years of age he could already drive an engine. This was not play, either, for the family ideas of education were severe and the youngster went out at dawn for his day's work. He had toy balloons, too; some of them from Paris, some that he had made himself. He astounded the natives once by launching a fleet of airships, manned with dolls—his sisters having refused to lend him their kittens—from the heights of Petropolis. When he came to Paris he had already chosen his way in life, which is "the way of a bird in the air."

What mad adventures he has had in the upper air! A dozen times within the last four years he has been within a hand's breadth of death. His luck—his pluck and steady nerve, rather—has always carried him through.

When at last he won the Deutsch prize—$20,000 for a flight from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower and back again within the half hour—it could not be said he had not earned it. Science owes more than that to this Fulton of the air. (It was quite in his character, however, that he should give the prize to the poor of Paris.) This old world is no more the same, now that we have conquered the blue sea overhead. Of course neither you nor I will go aëromobiling tomorrow. It was a long cry from Fulton's little steamer on the Hudson to the five-day liner. But Santos-Dumont has "done the trick." He has built an air machine that he can drive in any direction—at any speed, and which he can bring to earth where he will. This is not the final conquest of the air, but it is the first gained battle of that conquest which will revolutionize life.

The little wiry man who did this thing has installed his greatness in a bachelor apartment in the Avenue des Champs Elysées. It is on the ground floor; a big window opens upon a quiet court. In the hall are palms; in the study are flowers and a few prints, foils, a gun or two, books, and, notably, a big workmanlike table, covered with plans, drawings, designs in vari-colored inks.

It is early in the morning—that is, if half-past ten be early—and Santos-Dumont is in his shirt-sleeves. He had opened the door for me himself a few moments before—not quite awake. Then, good, simple millionaire, he made himself a cup of coffee and milk. We talked of many things—of the men who had prepared the way for him. Santos-Dumont is not a fluent talker. A man of action, pure and simple: he does things.

"But you write sometimes," I suggested; "*voyons*—here's a stylographic pen and there is paper—a good little article on your plans for the future."

"*Mais non—mais non—jamais de la vie!*" said Monsieur Santos-Dumont. "I never write. I haven't written even to my sister in two months. Think of it!"

"*J'y pense.*"

"I cabled her the other day—that is all. Then I wrote my brother the evening after I had rounded the Eiffel Tower—here's the letter—it is not even finished. I can say things——"

"And do them," I suggested.

"Thanks! But I can't write them."

"Then say them," said I.

Monsieur Santos-Dumont hesitated; a shrewd, quick-thinking man this. He said: "No; what I say is extemporization. It is better to have things in black and white. I've met so many of you journalists and you have a way—pardon me, but you have—of translating two plus two into eight."

I lit a cigar—it was a protest, for Santos-Dumont does not smoke. Silence for a little while. Santos-Dumont went to and fro from study to bedroom, knotted a black-and-blue cravat under his high collar, donned a waistcoat, came again, objected to my cigar and told me that tobacco is bad for the health—a beastly poison; hid his slim shoulders in a frock coat, snipped off a chrysanthemum, put it in his buttonhole, and said: "I'll turn it from Spanish to French if you'll turn it over again into English."

"Your own English is pretty good," said I.

"Not so good as yours!"

Upon this compliment we set to work; he walking the floor, nervous as a schoolboy, I grinding away with a bad stylographic pen. And to think this is the way history is written! And yet, why not? Wherever there is a man who can do things and say them, there should always be the stylographic man—that man whom Ezekiel saw, "which had the ink-horn by his side, and reported the matter."

Exactitude never comes amiss; you may be interested in knowing that Santos-Dumont's article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST contains the first three pages of his letter to his brother and a few paragraphs—the last few—which he dictated in a mood of not irrational prophecy.

The Road in the Air

By Alberto Santos-Dumont

My Dear Brother: You have understood me. The flight from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower and back again was only the beginning—but it proved every one of my contentions. The Santos-Dumont VI was as absolutely amenable to direction as the horse you ride. Your horse may shy at a peasant (beggar?) in the road, but you control your horse; so a gust of wind may give me trouble, but I rein up my steed and go on, without danger, along the road in the air. You must not think about my danger. My sister remembers when I sent up my first balloon. It was in 1874, and I was one year old. When she pulled it down for me I put my fist through it to see what was inside. Nothing—and ever since I have found that if you put your fist through what seems extraordinary there is no danger. It is like your own danger, when Juan ran at you with his knife—you knocked him down and his knife was useless.

In my way of life it is just the same. I do not run any risks—because I take into account every risk before I say "Let go!" Then, once in the air—when I have seen to every possible preparation—I know that everything depends upon myself. That gives confidence. I tell myself that the motor may stop, the rudder break, something happen—then I remember father's: "Nobody else will help you—take care of yourself!"

You need not worry, *mon François*, none of you need, because I see to everything myself, and I do not think there can be any defect in the machines I use. That is the only danger.

As you know, I did at last accomplish the *tournée* of the Eiffel Tower in twenty-nine minutes and forty seconds—and have gained the prize. There has been some delay in paying it. Probably you have seen that in the home newspapers. It is foolish. Anyway, the money goes to the poor of Paris. I will tell you when I have thought it out more definitely of a plan for establishing a prize—in mechanics or aëronautics, just as you and sister think—which shall perpetuate our father's name.

I had a letter of congratulations yesterday from the Countess d'Eu and a cablegram from our President.

Now for my plans.

I leave November 6 for the Riviera. I shall erect my sheds, works, factory and so forth at some favorable spot—perhaps on the headland of Monte Carlo, or near Nice or Mentone. My plan is to cross to Corsica. The distance is about one hundred miles. The packet-boat makes the voyage now in between eight and nine hours. I shall do it in less than four hours. Don't worry—I take the road in the air which never needs to be repaired. Of course I shall look out for the weather. Possibly in the meantime I shall send the Santos-Dumont No. 6 to Toulon and make the run to the Lériûs Isles.

You think it only fair that I should come home and make a trip in America. You must not think I do not love Brazil because I love France—our father's country. But what could I do for Brazil? I may make France so strong that war against her may be impossible. Then I shall have done something. I may make war impossible everywhere; that will be the most patriotic thing I can do for Brazil. And when I do return——

With the new aëromobile, which I am having built, I do not think the air voyage to America impossible. It is a mathematical problem which I have not yet worked out to my own satisfaction. The whole question is this: "How much resistance will the guide-rope, which I shall use as a stabilizator, offer as it trails in the water?" Once this determined I can calculate my rate of speed and the necessary consumption of force.

My voyage to Corsica is really experimental—a mere study for my trip from Ireland to Nova Scotia.

I do not believe that the last word is said in air-travel, simply because I have found the way of the bird in the air. Many inventions will be added; many improvements will be found. However, once it has been proved and established that one man can fly, others will go far beyond this adventurer.

Monsieur Aimé showed me last night a copy of one of your New York comic weeklies. It depicted me in the wreck of an air-machine and your national type of a schoolboy, Darius Green. The schoolboy has been trying to fly by aid of paper wings tied to his shoulders. He puts his fingers to his nose and says:

"You haven't done much more than I have!"

Not much more—I am proud to be the successor of Dædalus and Darius Green.

"Take your pistol. I have no orders to seize it"

RECAPTURED

A Philippine War Story

By General Charles King

"A QUEER thing happened out there at Block House 11 t'other night," began the Aide-de-Camp. "Royal was on guard and a carriage came bounding over Concordia Bridge——"

Here the Aide-de-Camp stopped short and turned sharply on a brother staff officer who had with prompt and amazing vigor brought his booted heel down on the toes of the speaker.

"What in ——," again began the Aide-de-Camp, in agonized query, then again stopped short at sight of the offender's face. In dumb show his brother officer was all but saying, "Shut up, you idiot!" as he glanced significantly to where a middle-aged civilian sat in earnest converse with the General.

It had been the habit of the General and his staff, earlier in the winter, to sit at mess in the cool white garb so suited to the climate, but matters at the front had changed all that. Every night of late the chief and his retainers had spent riding the line, with occasional cat-naps in Paco suburb, out Santa Ana way, and, as men had to be at their posts early in the night, it resulted that only those who were not "on watch" came to table in white; the chief in blue serge or khaki, and the aides in either, giving a diversity to the coloring of the board. And this night there happened in a civilian whose customary suit of solemn black was unrelieved by glaring white shirt-front. He was buttoned up in sombre alpaca; had just returned from Hongkong; had no dress clothes nearer than his home at Santa Ana; had need to see the General, he said, on personal business, and, despite his protests, was induced to stay, dine, and was now taking a postprandial smoke in an easy chair out on the broad veranda that overlooked the ever beautiful Bay of Manila.

It was a lovely January evening, soft, still and starlit. The rythmical plash of the wavelets on the sandy beach fell in soothing cadence on the ear. The distant war dogs of the Yankee fleet off Cavite were trying their search-lights and tossing great beams of silver athwart the skies, ever and again sweeping the long concave semicircle of the south shore with jealous and unwinking eye, and "speering," as Bruce said, far over to Manila. Bruce was a high functionary of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank and a pillar of the English Club—and church—and Bruce, a welcome guest at any time, had declined to stay to dinner that night. He pleaded an engagement, but the foot-crushing aide noted that not until Bruce saw the black-garbed civilian did that engagement occur to him.

For a man who claimed to be Boston to the backbone, Mr. Pettibone bore few of the birthmarks of the Back Bay. He had turned up in Manila soon after the American occupation in August and was energetic in business of some mysterious kind. He had pervaded the *Ayuntamiento* for a month or so until the sentry began asking him his business before letting him upstairs. Then he was much in evidence about the depot quartermaster's; and then there arrived his family, the wife too young looking to be the mother of the callow youth who escorted her, or of his sister, the one redeeming member of the family circle. She came just in the nick of time, for Jonas Pettibone had lost favor in the eyes of the elect and was cold-shouldered about Manila as curtly as though he had sought to borrow money.

When the original Commander of the department took his departure he bequeathed his suspicions of Pettibone to his revered successor, but that was before Patty Pettibone came upon the scene. "Pit-a-Patty" the young officers began to speak of her presently, in allusion to the effect she had on the hearts of her admirers, and they were many. Nor was her step-mother deficient in charms, though somewhat more mature, nor was she averse to parading them. It was indeed because of this proclivity on the part of his spouse that Pet took alarm, and no sooner did the Insurgents issue their mandate to the effect that the Yankee officers would no longer be allowed to visit in the villages outside the line encircling Manila than he jumped at a chance to rent a furnished house in Santa Ana, a delightful little suburban town on the bank of the Pasig not three miles from the heart of the city. Thither in January had he moved "Mrs. Pet," as I regret to say the youngsters called her, Jonas, Jr., who amounted to nothing, and "Pit-a-Patty," who amounted to a great deal.

Now, while living in Manila the Pets had sported a very natty little open carriage and pair, and madame and her shy, silent, wistful-looking stepdaughter appeared every evening among the promenaders *en voiture* along the Luneta. For a time, too, it was their habit to draw up to the curb near the band-stand, and there they were speedily joined by Parke and Kitson, subalterns of the Fifty-third, sometimes by "Patsy" Bolivar of the cavalry, and always by handsome Jack Royal, of the Washingtons, whose company was quartered far out on the Calle Noxaleda, but who never minded a two-mile tramp each way or cold soup and fish on his return, so long as he could look love for thirty minutes into the eyes of pretty Patty Pettibone. Other fellows there were who would gladly have cut in for the running and cut out Jack, but he took no chances. Not until they began doubling the outposts and calling on his company for duty at the far front did he miss an evening, and that was only just before Pet moved his family to Santa Ana.

Once at Santa Ana, Pet thought his birdlings safe from followers. He took the carriage every morning himself to town and drove back only toward dusk. He imagined that thereby he prevented his wife from coming into Manila, and that the Filipinos would as effectively prevent the young officers from going. But Pet wasn't so bright as his wife by any means. There was nothing to prevent the young fellows sending carriages out for her, nothing to prevent her driving in to shop on the Escolta—there would have been nothing but for Patty. Patty put her little foot down summarily on the scheme. She wuld drive with her step-mother "open and above board" to and along the Escolta and be rewarded by a few brief words on the Calle Nozaleda with her watchful Jack, but the pure heart of the American girl needed no prompting where to draw the line. Her lovely blue eyes, soft, pleading and wistful at most times, flashed with unwonted fire as they gazed straight into the black orbs of the matron. "You know you cannot go there without me," said she, "and with me you *shall* not."

And this was in part the situation when old Pet found it imperatively necessary to go over to Hongkong the third week in January. Pet would have been glad to invoke the guardianship of certain charming English residents of Santa Ana, but the men had given him the cold shoulder almost from the start, and women, though their hearts went out to Patty and would have found welcome for her, had, with unerring instinct, taken Madame's measure and never seemed to see her.

But there were impressionable gallants in and about Santa Ana as well as across the lines in and about Manila, and Madame's rolling orbs had speedily lured certain field and staff officers of the Filipino army—young gentlemen of fair fortune and European education, several of whom had served in the army of Spain, and two, at least, who had been taught the rudiments of the art of war in Paris and Madrid. Of these was Sandoval, swarthy, but suave, Aide-de-Camp to General Ricarti, whose headquarters were in the big stone building backing on the river directly across the Plaza from the windows of the retreat old Pettibone had chosen for the birdlings. Needing no other "bid" than that which he read in Madame's black eyes, the little General, accompanied by two of his staff, with Sandoval as interpreter, called in person to pay his respects, and before the week was out all were frequent visitors. To Madame, who spoke a little Spanish and was desirous of learning more, the General and his senior staff officer paid assiduous court. But Sandoval spoke English, and Sandoval was fascinated from the start by those liquid blue eyes, by the fair face and pearly teeth of pretty Patty Pettibone. It was a clear case of physical charm, for Patty, loving and loyal, had no thought for any man on earth but her bonny boy in the uniform of the First Washington, and never a word would she vouchsafe to Sandoval if she could possibly help it, thereby only spurring him to more assiduous and demonstrative devotion and, presently, to investigation as to this utter indifference to fascinations he had never hitherto exerted in vain. Among the damsels of Spain, the mestizos of Manila and daughters of the "high class" and educated natives, Sandoval had borne for three years a record as a lady-killer. He raged in his semi-savage little heart to find all his charms wasted, his advances spurned, his flowery compliments laughed at. There could be only one explanation, said he—another—a previous attachment. Then who was the man?

It wasn't hard to find out. It took Sandoval next to no time to hear and then to go and see for himself that there was a tall, handsome, dark-eyed, dark-haired First Lieutenant quartered right there at the Archiepiscopal palace across the Paco Bridge who was always on the lookout for a certain carriage when it came spinning in from Santa Ana, as well as on the back trip, and who seemed to rejoice in being officer of the guard at Block House 11. Sandoval went so far as to suggest to Madame that he would be glad to drive with her occasionally, and to the astonishment of Lieutenant Jack Royal, when next the carriage came bounding across Concordia Bridge one sunshiny afternoon late in January, and his field glasses had told him "she," as usual, was on the back seat, the sentries at both ends of the bridge, Tagal and Yankee, presented arms, and then that "queer thing happened" that the General's Aide-de-Camp started to tell about in the hearing of Old Pet himself. Royal had gone leaping down the wooden stairs within and into the brilliant sunshine without, and over to the roadside just in time to meet the carriage as its spirited little ponies were pulled up at the post of Number 3, and there on the front seat, facing the ladies, beamed a dapper little Tagal officer in uniform of immaculate white, the gold stars on his shoulders fresh from the dainty hands at the Convent of San Pablo, the broad-brimmed straw hat, finer in texture than the famous fabric of Panama, circled by its snowy, silken ribbon with the insignia of his regiment embroidered in gold, a silken kerchief in one white gloved hand, the other raised instantly in precise salute as Madame sententiously spoke the words of introduction, emphasizing, as was her wont, the difference in rank.

"*Captain* Sandoval, permit me to introduce *Lieutenant* Royal."

And right here the "queer thing" happened. Galloping across the arched bridge full speed came another native officer, lashing his excited pony to frantic effort. Within fifty yards of the block house he recognized the carriage and instantly, settling back in his saddle, began to pull with all his little might, bringing up his pony all a-quiver and handing quickly to Sandoval a sealed and folded paper. Then, wheeling about and without waiting for reply, he set spur to his mount and dashed back toward Santa Ana. Royal could have sworn the young staff officer went a shade yellower. The healthy brown of his skin gave place to a muddy tint.

"It is from my General. You will pardon," he murmured, uplifting his eyes in appeal to the ladies as he broke the seal and tore open the page. Patty's eyes signalled "Come over here," and Royal quickly stepped back of the carriage to her side. Then she bent as though to whisper, and at that instant, in uncontrollable excitement, young Sandoval sprang from the carriage.

"I am—recall," he said, bowing low to both ladies. "I——"

But something fell with a heavy plunk in the roadway. The glistening white sling of his sword belt had caught the handle of the carriage door. The sword, in accordance with existing conditions, had been left at Santa Ana, for it was only by unarmed Filipinos that the lines could be passed. The sudden strain had burst the belt which buckled underneath the white sack coat, and with the belt fell a holster and gleaming revolver, its chambers crammed with cartridges, also a rectangular pouch of Russia leather. With sudden swoop the Filipino possessed himself of the latter. With quick, supple bend, Royal pounced on the other. A cry, half suppressed, came from Patty's lips. Madame herself looked startled.

"Pray do not wait, Señora," said Sandoval, whose self-possession did not seem to leave him. "Until the evening," he continued. Then, kissing his hand and bowing elaborately, "I count the hours, Señorita, *Mis labios van estar frios*," he added, with killing glance at Patty. "*Al correo, cochero!*" he shouted to the weazened little driver in top hat and boots. Away sped the team, and they stood facing each other, the stalwart son of the Pacific slope and the sinewy, yet diminutive, product of the tropics. The smile left the face of Sandoval as he looked squarely up into the stern eyes of the officer of the guard. Ladies were no longer present; besides, he stood unmasked, self-convicted of a violation of the compact. To the Spaniard as to his apt pupil, the Filipino, no disgrace attaches either to a lie or breach of faith except that of detection.

Royal was the first to speak. "You understand English, Señor Capitan," said he coldly, "and you well know you have no business to wear this within our lines. What's more, you know you couldn't have done it without detection had you not come in a carriage with ladies. Take your pistol. I have no orders to seize it. Our General did not contemplate the possibility of hidden weapons among officers and gentlemen."

Sandoval's eyes flashed and his strong white teeth set like a vise. "You dare insult me!" he hissed, with a stamp of his beautifully booted foot. "Keep that pistol, for you have

none to match it, you Americans. But I bring one again, and I challenge you to meet me—yonder—at the Tripa."

His furious harangue broke off short. Over toward the distant gray walls of Santa Ana, quick and stirring, a Filipino bugle broke the silence of the afternoon. Almost instantly there came a thrilling answer from the guard-house across the stream, and the swarthy little brown soldiers were seen springing to their stacked arms. Clutching his leather pouch and without another word, Sandoval turned and ran like a deer for the bridge. "Here! Take your popgun," shouted Royal, hurling the holstered pistol after him. It flew half a dozen paces beyond the swift white runner before it plowed the mud, but he never stopped nor stooped.

"Form your guard there, sergeant!" ordered Royal, drawing his sword and striding toward the block house. "There's no telling what may be up."

Aloft in the upper story the telegraph instrument was madly clicking. Far over the rice fields to the southwest little parties of native soldiers could be seen running for the bamboo patches and nipa "shacks" scattered along the outer bank of the Tripa, every one an outpost of Pio del Pilar. Over at Block House 12 and back at Battery Knoll, south of the Paco suburb, the Americans could be seen scrambling to the highest reachable point and staring out toward Santa Ana in search of explanation of the excitement. But Royal promptly got his guard into ranks, sent a corporal with half a dozen men in palpable support of his sentries on the road, and then awaited developments.

They quickly came. A soldier sprang from the dark interior of the block house with a paper fluttering in his hand. Royal seized the dispatch and read:

> Bugles all over town and suburbs sounding "To arms." All commands forming at their barracks. Alarm started along the Escolta, in Binondo. Cause not ascertained. (Signed)
>
> DAVIS, Operator.

"Started along the Escolta, in Binondo!" said Royal to himself, "and yet those beggars out yonder knew it before we did, and we have the wire. Keep the men in ranks for the present," he ordered, then quickly returned to the highway and gazed townward.

Hurrying toward him with their odd, shuffling gait, in little parties of three or four, some in their uniforms, some in native white, came dozens of the little brown soldiers, the rearmost running in their haste to join their regiments out at Santa Ana. And then, beyond them, lashing his fiery team of pony stallions, appeared the diminutive *cochero*, employed and costumed by Messrs. Parke, Kitson & Co., driving like mad as though to escape from the wrath to come. He strove not to see Royal's signal to stop, but the latter would not be denied. Madame was found on the verge of hysterics, Patty, pale but silent.

"Oh, what *are* we to do?" moaned the matron, wringing her hands. "It is dreadful that this should happen and Mr. Pettibone away."

"But nothing of any consequence has happened, Mrs. Pettibone," said Royal as he stepped to Patty's side and possessed himself of a little hand that hung over the edge of the low Victoria. "The troops form as a matter of course, but I assure you there is no trouble in store for you. Everything will be quiet presently and you will have forgotten it by the time Mr. Pettibone returns. To-morrow—is it?"

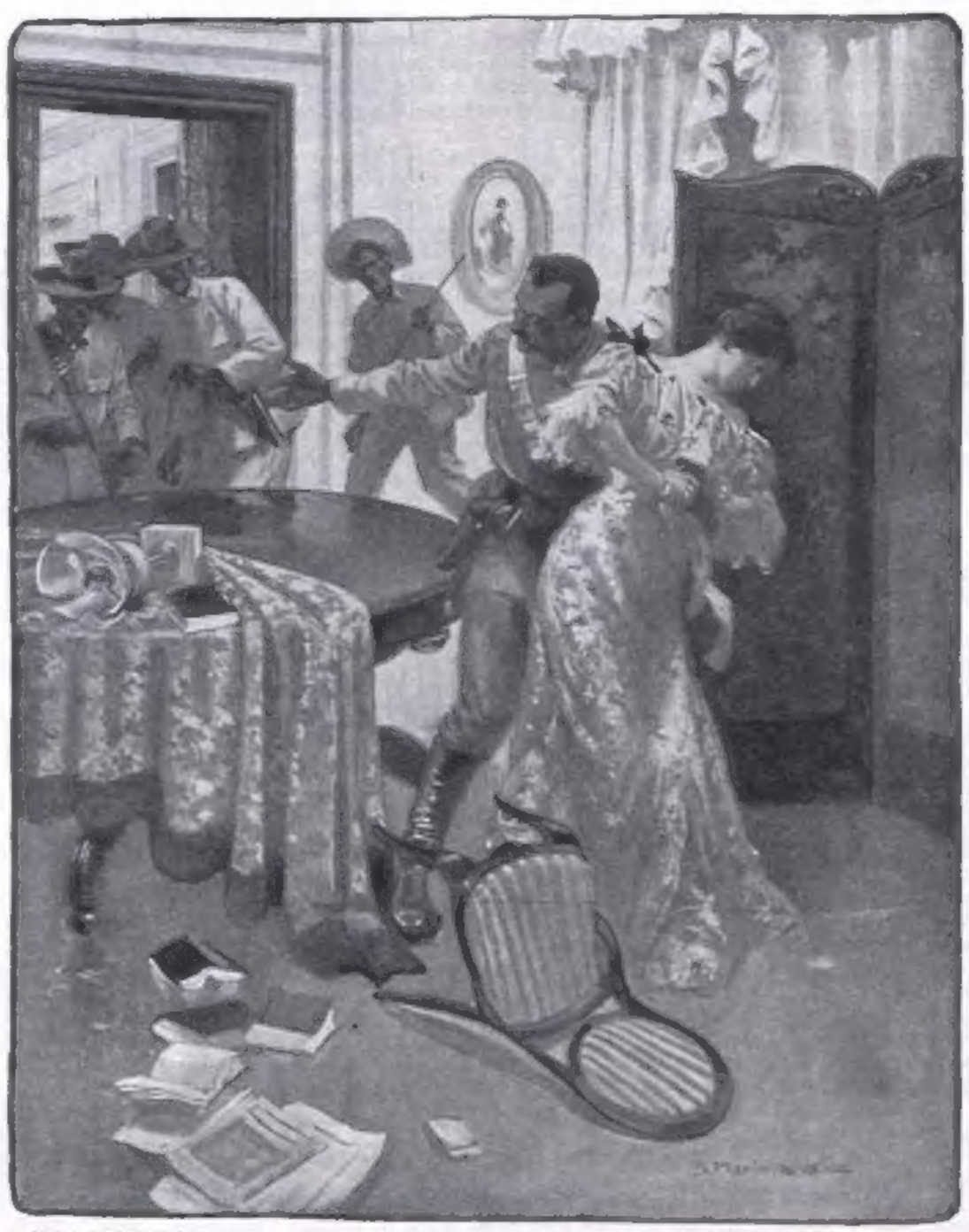
"To-morrow probably; Monday at latest," answered Patty, as the elder lady seemed already to have forgotten the existence of her spouse. Then the girl's voice sank to a whisper, her eyes filled. "Oh, Jack, I wish—I wish I could think there was no trouble for him—for father. There's something I must tell you, but I can't now," and she glanced significantly at the moaning, frightened woman by her side.

"To-morrow, then, I'll watch for you at Paco," answered Royal, pressing her hand. And then the carriage darted on, shot up the incline and over the bridge, and was lost to sight beyond the hurrying groups of Filipino soldiery.

Three days passed without further tidings of pretty Patty along the Nozaleda, and Jack Royal was in a fidget—three days and nights in which the strain of the situation at the front became intense. The Pettibone carriage had driven in each morning and back late each afternoon, unhindered by either guard, its sole and sallow occupant scowling malignantly at sight of Royal who was always on watch. But the carriage sent out, presumably, by Madame's admirers *intra muros*, to the dismay of those young gallants and the mischievous delight of their comrades, never returned. There was evidently a restraining hand in Santa Ana.

It was Friday morning when Royal marched on again as officer of the guard at Block House 11, having "swapped" tours with a comrade in order to get there ahead of his time, and the first thing he did after distributing his sentries was to swing out from the Santa Ana front, nailing its upper edge to the sill of the rifle-slit, a big tablecloth that he had unscrupulously borrowed from the mess-kit, and Johnny Filipino across the stream looked, marveled, gesticulated and chattered, then sent back to headquarters for staff officers who came scampering out to see what manner of signal the Yankees were setting. With them came Sandoval, who gazed, asked just one question of the Tagal officer at the bridge, got the reply "*El Teniente Royal*," and galloped back to Santa Ana as hard as he could go. Whatever his object it in nowise interfered with Royal's plan, for barely three hours later there came spinning across the bridge a carriage, recognized at once as that of Mr. Maclean, a prominent English resident of Santa Ana and leading business man of Manila, and pretty, smiling, dainty little Mrs. Maclean was seated therein, two of her children with her. To Jack's surprise and joy a corporal came hurrying to him with a note. Royal raised his hat and bowed his thanks, then tore open the precious missive:

> Jack, Jack, thank God for sight of your signal. I have been almost mad with anxiety. Father, and Mrs. Pettibone, too, seem to have fallen utterly into the hands of these Insurgent officers. *Something* is being plotted. I don't know what. Pio del Pilar with other Generals spent twenty-four hours here. Father was with them at night and has packed up his papers and bidden us to be ready to move at a moment's notice. He is fearfully nervous about something and is in some grave complication, though I hardly know what.
>
> But this you must know: Captain Sandoval is here morn, noon and night. He seized the carriage that used to come out for mother and he insists hour after hour on our leaving here and moving to his home, which is near General Montenegro's at Taytay, beyond Pasig. Father would have gone before this but for a large sum of money due him that he is striving to collect in the city. It is all that prevents our leaving, and Jack, I dread it more than words can tell. I dread this little demon Sandoval, and oh, Jack, you must be on your guard against him. He is capable of anything and he terrifies me by his threats. Promise me not to go near that bridge to-night, Jack—promise me, and if you can do anything to help my poor old father *do*, Jack. He was good and loving to me always until this other marriage.
>
> There is only one way to get this to you. I am going to the English lady you have seen driving by so often to implore her help. The Filipinos dare not stop or search her carriage.
>
> Fondly, anxiously, PATTY.



DRAWN BY E. MARTIN HODGE

—seized the frantic girl in his arms and shouted to the soldiers for aid

"The lady said she'd stop for an answer on the way back, sir," said the corporal. But before that answer could be written came the General to potter all about the premises for a whole hour, "speering" over the rice fields with his glasses, studying the movements of the Insurgents about their earthworks and redoubts, asking countless questions and finally taking Jack another hour's tramp up and down the banks of the Tripa. It was two o'clock when he remounted and rode away, and there was the Maclean carriage waiting. Jack could only pencil a few hurried lines, thank the gentle, sympathetic little woman with all his heart, and falter a bungling plea that she should befriend his endangered sweetheart, and then out came a messenger on the jump with this dispatch:

> Commanding Officer Block House 11: Post sentries to guard every possible crossing and prevent the return to Santa Ana of Jonas Pettibone, American citizen. Arrest him wherever found within our lines. Copy sent brigade commander. Acknowledge receipt. (Signed) Cahell, A. A. G.

That was a busy afternoon along the Tripa, but nightfall came without a sign of the desired Jonas. Everybody knew he had driven into town that morning, but nobody seemed to know what had since become of him. His carriage and coachman had easily been found by the stalwart amateur police from the Thirteenth Minnesota, but Jonas had somehow got wind of the sudden move to nab him and had vanished. Filipino, Chinese and Spanish merchants with whom he was known to have had dealings vowed they knew nothing of his whereabouts, but the chief of police, acting under information from the martial collector of customs, "ran in" six or eight importers and by nightfall everybody seemed to know it was another case of opium smuggling, all planned and carried out by the astute Jonas. Moreover, there was bribery and corruption of minor officials proved against him, and intimate relations with Insurgent officials more than suspected. "It is these latter," said the Provost Marshal's people, "who now have him in hiding, the deuce knows where."

For three nights the American sentries on the road at the west end of Concordia Bridge had been subjected to all manner of annoyance and insult, but this Friday night seemed to cap the climax. Taps had hardly sounded back in Paco when, officers and soldiers both, the little brown men came swarming over toward the American side, whetting their keen bolos on the stone parapet and daring and taunting the sentries to fight. Loyal to their orders, the big Washingtons laughed at their puny tormentors, which only made them the madder, and toward eleven o'clock they became so demonstrative that Private Stone sent forth a stentorian shout for the corporal, and with that long-legged "non-com" came running the tall officer of the guard, followed panting by a gray-haired, grizzled little Idaho major, the field-officer of the day. Instantly there was rush and scurry back across the bridge on the part of the Filipinos, and in the dim light of the clouded moon their guard could be seen springing into ranks and taking arms while two or three officers leaped into the saddle. Before Stone could report the cause of his signal, faint, yet clear and distinct, away off to the left toward the point of Pandacan Island a rifle-shot rang out on the night, close followed by another, and at the sound, whipping and spurring their little steeds, away scurried the Filipino officers and sped out of sight behind the stone walls of the Norwegian consul's residence across the stream. Away streaked dim, ghostly, pale-blue shadows skimming across the flats toward the river, and, fired by the sight, straddling his pony, the little Idaho major spurred for the bridge at Block House 10.

It was midnight before the eager watchers at the centre learned the cause of this alarm. A boat had crossed the Pasig just in front of Pandacan Point and landed two men beyond the Concordia. Jeering laugh and vulgar taunt were the reply to the picket's challenge. A pistol flashed and cracked, answered instantly by the rifle of the lone Californian who had just time to reload and fire once more before the figures shot out of sight behind the bamboo, and a shrill, mocking voice shouted the query:

"Wa-at you Yankees gif for Pettibone now?"

There was no missive from Patty to gladden Jack Royal's heart before he turned over the outpost to his successor Saturday morning. Instead, a grave-faced gentleman stepped from his carriage about eight o'clock. "My name is Maclean," said he briefly, "and my wife bade me stop to say to you that she had tried to see Miss Pettibone this morning, but Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone declared she was too ill to receive anybody, yet my wife saw her at an upper window signalling to her and looking well as ever. She will try again later."

But trials were vain. No word came from Santa Ana through the livelong day; no sign till late at night, and then the expected storm broke in fury along the northward front. Taunt, insult and abuse having failed to provoke the Yankee to begin the fight, the Tagals in desperation stealthily posted their firing-lines to sweep the field and sent armed parties to compel the shot of the American sentry in front of Santa Mesa.

When Sunday morning dawned on Block House 11 the battle was in full blast and there was wild excitement beyond the lines at Santa Ana. Confident that the patient sufferance and self-restraint of the Americans meant that they stood in terror of the Tagal, the little brown men had rushed impetuously to the attack toward three o'clock, but the sun rose upon a baffled force and a bloody field. The Americans had not yielded an inch. What was worse, the gathering light had made it possible for them to use their field guns, and

(Continued on Page 14)

The Comedy of Journalism

By Julius Chambers

THOUGH a desperately serious business, journalism, as practiced to-day, is aglow with good humor; its slaves are never morose or dispirited. The art also has its tragedies, as when a special correspondent is dispatched on an extra-hazardous mission; or, still sadder, when he fails of success after most earnest effort. The search for news encompasses the known and unknown world, where men of all races and environments are met. The diversities of such a vocation bring the journalist in contact with what is extraordinary in mankind, and he is liable to become cynical regarding the heartaches of fellow-mortals who have become impaled upon the copy hook.

Libel suits often occur through errors that are intensely amusing to everybody except the plaintiff, and sometimes even he sees the humorous side of the situation.

In all large cities are lawyers who live by fomenting libel litigation. They are the vampires of the press. This type of "lawyer" takes in all the papers, and every paragraph is marked in which the name of a citizen is mentioned. When the barest pretext offers, a letter is addressed to the prospective client, and the financial inducements of a civil suit are clearly outlined. If the injured citizen can furnish the evidence and the lacerated feelings, the public-spirited lawyer will supply the talent necessary to extort the money. Damages are generally placed at $50,000. The fee is always contingent, but is generally half the amount recovered. Out of threats of libel have grown several of the most amusing incidents I can recall in the comedy of journalistic life.

The Laying of a Libeled Ghost

A metropolitan newspaper published a curious ghost story in which it was asserted that a spectre walked the earth every dark night in the neighborhood of an untenanted country villa on an old road, ten miles from town. The spook had been seen to make several laps around the mansion and had then entered the building through the closed front door. A litigatious lawyer had no difficulty in convincing the owner of the property by mail that he had been seriously damaged, and in securing his authority to bring a civil suit for relief. Papers were served and the damages were laid at the usual price. On the face of the summons and complaint the case looked serious. The property was said to be valuable, in which event the editor admitted in his heart that injustice and injury might have been done.

Being the owner of a good roadster, the city editor drove out the road the first pleasant afternoon to the country villa where the tall ghost was said to walk. Instead of a stately mansion, standing amid acres of lawn, he found a wretched little cottage wholly out of repair, located on one city lot. The identity of the owner was soon ascertained and a drive of a mile brought the editor to his domicile. The property was readily purchased for $1000—a reasonable price for the lot—and the payment of $100 earnest-money secured a very comprehensive receipt, drawn up by the editor. The deed was to be delivered and the balance of the money paid as soon as the title could be properly searched. Of course, this was the end of the libel suit, which melted into thin air, along with the $50,000 damages.

But the most amusing feature about the episode was a quarrel that ensued between the lawyer and his client. Deprived of the notoriety that the litigation would have brought him, and of his share of a contingent fee, the lawyer threatened his client for settling the case without his consent, and actually coerced the man into paying him a fee for services that he had never rendered. Incidentally, I might say that the city editor held the lot three years, and then, because of improvements in the neighborhood, sold it for $3500.

It may be laid down as a dictum: Get an interview with your would-be prosecutor; admit nothing yourself; let him talk, and he will make admissions that will save your case. I assume, of course, that nobody intentionally perpetrates a libel.

Libels are generally the result of misinformation furnished by designing persons outside the ranks of journalism, and the editor is entitled to as good a defense as he can set up.

Some Journalistic Lights that Failed

A case of smallpox at the woman's college of one of the universities furnished material for one of the best comedies of journalism. Fear that the contagion would spread caused an immediate order for the vaccination of all the girl students—called "co-eds." This startling incident occurred just after the establishment of a school of journalism at the university. The editor of one of the New York papers, who was an alumnus of the university, and wished it well, had the happy thought of giving employment to the nascent reporters by engaging the entire staff of the school of journalism to describe the compulsory vaccination of the twelve hundred girls. A telegram was sent to the head of the university and one to the dean of the so-called school of journalism, offering to pay the reporters of the school regular space rates for a page of matter descriptive of the scenes and incidents; all to be sent by telegraph at the earliest moment. The offer was made in perfect good faith.

Such an opportunity for a lot of young men to make themselves well known by name in the office of every metropolitan journal was never before offered. The editor hoped that it would result in successfully starting half a dozen young men upon their career.

To his amazement, however, his proposition was rejected by the college president and the not less impracticable dean. The collapse of the school in the face of brilliant opportunity was so apparent to everybody that the board of trustees abolished it at the end of the year.

The editor, not to be balked in his purpose of securing a notable account of the wholesale vaccination, wired every local correspondent and every physician in the college town, and secured the services of Henry Guy Carleton to rewrite the facts as they came by wire. The result was probably a much more readable article than would have been produced by the school of journalism. It amused the people of the country for weeks.

A Tale of the Quick and the Dead

An old friend of Mr. Abell, proprietor of one of the Baltimore papers, asked to have his boy taken into that office and taught the business. He was added to the city staff as a special favor. The city editor sent the youngster out to Druid Hill Cemetery to describe that aristocratic burial place. He was instructed to prepare a list of the distinguished lot owners and to mention all the famous dead who rested under the velvety turf. The reporter was neither experienced nor careful. He went to the office of the cemetery company, and, being allowed access to the books, copied such names as seemed worthy of selection. In writing his notes the young man mixed his lists, gave to the distinguished dead the names of the living lot owners, and made up his list of the distinguished survivors from his catalogue of the dead.

The article was immediately put in type and appeared the following morning.

When Mr. Abell reached his office that day he found a throng of citizens awaiting him.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he demanded in his brusque manner of the first man in broadcloth who pushed into his private office.

"Do? What haven't you done? I am G. Washington Smith and your paper says that I am buried at Druid Hill. It's shameful, sir; and I demand a correction."

"Does my paper say you are dead?" asked Mr. Abell gravely, looking at his visitor over the top of his glasses.

"It does, and——"

"Well, I want to say to you, Mr. G. Washington Smith, that if my paper says you're dead, you *are* dead. Good morning; this is no place for ghosts!"

The Hoax of the Pagan Patrolman

For several years the best people of Philadelphia believed that a serious attempt had been made to employ Chinamen upon the police force. This grew out of a practical joke on Mayor King. In a laundry on Ninth Street was a very large Chinaman whom a reporter of the Times, after a deal of persuasion, induced to write and sign an application to the Mayor for an appointment on the force. It was sent, but received no attention whatever. The city editor then directed the reporter to buy a piece of cartridge paper, a bottle of India ink and a small camel's-hair brush. With these implements, aided by a Chinese primer, a highly imposing application was prepared. This was transmitted to the Mayor with an alleged translation. The following morning all the papers, except the Times, had a "spread-head" article announcing that Mayor King was considering the advisability of appointing a Chinaman upon the police force. This was followed by interviews with leading merchants of the city, and it was discovered that they were universally in favor of the appointment.

The real humor of the affair arose out of the jealousy that developed among the newspapers, several of them, in wise editorial articles, claiming to have originated the idea. One newspaper attacked the Mongolian's appointment on religious grounds, and kept standing for weeks the heading: "Shall a Pagan Patrol?"

Several of the religious societies held mass-meetings to protest against the appointment of a "heathen" in the municipal service. Finally, a reporter went to the large laundryman and was savagely attacked by the Celestial, who used his sad-iron vigorously.

The Episode of the Bogus Dynamite

In the early days of the last Cuban rebellion New York was frequently startled by reports that filibustering expeditions were fitting out, carrying guns and large quantities of dynamite to the insurgents. The most prolific source of these tales was a young Irishman who lived in a suburban town. This man came to the office of a New York newspaper very late one night and told a thoroughly circumstantial story regarding an expedition then ready to sail from a small port on Long Island Sound. Nothing could have been more complete than his manifest of the cargo and his description of the vessel. As an evidence of the correctness of his information he brought a small black brick of the dynamite and impressively placed it at one end of the table. He dwelt at length upon its deadly character and explained that a piece of its size thrown into a crowd would destroy every living thing within a radius of one hundred feet. Dropped in the street, it would tear a hole in the ground deep enough to bury a regiment, he said.

The city editor, thoroughly impressed with the honesty of his visitor and the truthfulness of his narrative, became so completely absorbed in making notes of the conversation that his elbow inadvertently came in contact with the terrible black cube and knocked it off the table to the floor! It did not explode, but broke into a hundred pieces!

The most casual glance showed the brick to be made of coal dust, stuck together with mucilage.

The two men rose to their feet at the same instant. The city editor then sprang upon his visitor, took him by the throat, as a vender of spurious goods, and threw him out of the room. Then he calmly gave out an assignment of the most commonplace character.

A Wild Goose Chase at West Point

When President Lincoln secretly visited West Point to hold a conference with General Scott, the New York Times and the Herald were the only newspapers in the country that knew of the intended meeting. Joseph Howard, Jr., was hurried away for the Times because he was well known at West Point. He crossed the ferry from Garrison's and entered the stage to ride up the hill to the hotel on the parade ground. The night was dark and rainy. Only one other passenger was in the vehicle, and he sat at the front, under the lamp. Howard felt that the man was a rival and curled up near the door to formulate a plan to get rid of him. On the last turn of the winding road Howard "accidentally" lost his hat out of the window. Leaving the stage he told the driver to go on. He made a short-cut across the lawn, entered the hotel by a side door several minutes ahead of the stage's arrival, asked the clerks (who knew him) for an office jacket and installed himself behind the desk.

Travel-stained but confident his recent companion entered. Howard placed the hotel register before him, handed him a pen, condoled with him about the bad weather, and confirmed his suspicion that the traveler was a rival newspaper man. By degrees he learned that the guest had been sent by the Herald to get particulars of a conference between Lincoln and Scott, which was to occur in that hotel. The correspondent, assuming that Howard was the head clerk, confided in him.

It was true, the supposed hotel man explained, that the President and General Scott had been there, but they had gone over to Garrison's to meet a party of distinguished men from New York whose presence at West Point was undesirable. But he, "the head clerk," could serve him. He would give him a carriage to Highland Falls, several miles south, where a rowboat could be obtained. Howard even wrote out an order to a mythical boatman who was supposed to be resting on his oars in the rain and darkness, waiting for passengers bearing the all-potent scrap of paper.

The carriage was ordered, and without waiting for supper the zealous scribe hurried away in the mud. Howard then resigned his position as hotel clerk, got into communication with a leaky secretary who had been present at the conference, wrote out his report at great length and put the matter on the wire for New York.

Of course, when the Herald man did not find any boatman he started back, but the coachman, who had been fully instructed, lost his way several times on the return to the Point. When the anxious reporter finally returned to the hotel on the parade ground the operator had disappeared, and the hour was so late that nothing could be learned regarding the conference. Orderlies stood before the doors of the rooms occupied by the President and the Lieutenant-General and refused to wake them. The bogus clerk was off duty.

Almost any follower of the art of newspaper making can recount incidents like these. The variety of the work and the constant attrition with struggling human atoms contribute to the merriment of his life. However serious the daily task, he finds a smile or a quaint experience lurking somewhere. Though he is a constant student of tragedy, he lives in an atmosphere of the serenest comedy.

The Finger of Hankin—By Cutcliffe Hyne

Author of The Adventures of Captain Kettle

"Old Lady," said Seale one day, . . . "the bank's given me the chuck"

CHAPTER I

HE WAS called William Edward Hankin Seale, and by giving him the name of Hankin his godfathers and godmothers considered that they had provided him with brilliant prospects. Wherefore they economized, and forbore to add the usual christening mug and silver feeding tackle. In after years William Edward Seale had it constantly repeated to him that there was a man called Hankin who lived on a place called the West Coast of Africa, where he had amassed wealth, and was still amassing.

In his schooldays William Edward Seale said little about the vague Hankin. He learned that West Africa was a considerable distance from Charterhouse in miles; that the climate was hot through some connection which it had with a thing called the equator, upon which the sun apparently traversed as a bead does upon a wire; and that the Coast produced gold dust, ivory and monkeys. Afterward he got hold of The Cruise of the Midge, and added to this list of products slaves, fever, sunstroke and picturesque fighting. He pictured Hankin as a king of countless negroes, who owned a long, black schooner for nefarious purposes, and who went out for rides on his own private elephant, and ate cocoanuts free of cost. He rather envied the old gentleman, but he did not swagger about him then. Later, he did both.

He went from Charterhouse to a bank in London, where he labored easily, but acquired no unwieldy prosperity. He lived slightly beyond his income, but kept the leeway in check by waving Hankin before the eyes of his duns. He pointed out that the West Coast was notoriously unhealthy and that Hankin could not live much longer. He was generous in the matter of interest, too. He said that when he put on a black tie for Hankin they would see that there was nothing mean about him when he came to pay for accommodation. So he lived on; and the rumors of Hankin provided him gratis with dances and theatre paper; and dinners and Sunday river-parties were bestowed upon him by people who had marriageable daughters. "It's no use your asking me to pay for anything," he would say cheerfully. "I've barely a sixpence beyond my salary—at present."

Occasionally he came across some man who had been in the Colonial Service or in a trading-house on the West Coast, and asked about his connection, who, he stated, was some sort of a nineteenth cousin. But none of the Coasters ever knew about Hankin, or (what is perhaps more accurate) they never said they knew. So, as far as William Edward Seale was concerned, Hankin remained vague and nebulous; but Seale never lost faith in his riches and his dutiful cousinly affection (as bespoken by the aforementioned godparents); and calculated on the approaching windfall with certainty and sweet delight.

It was the coming of Captain Charteris with Nancy that gave him his first definite idea of Hankin. Charteris wired from Liverpool to ask for an interview, and was invited to come up and dine at the club and talk matters over there. Charteris came, and enjoyed his meal, as most men do after a course of Coast and steamer fare; but he talked whilst he was eating, and what he said did woeful damage to Seale's appetite. Afterward they went to a quiet corner of the billiard room for coffee and cognac; and between whiffs of a good cigar Charteris went on with his tale:

"We aren't mighty particular out there as a general rule, y' know, but that was a bit too blackguardly and low for anything. They kicked him out of the Service, of course; and they told him that if he didn't clear out of the Colony one-time they'd prosecute him to boot, and he'd get sent home to do five years for an absolute cert. So he cleared; and went to Lagos."

"But he was very rich at that time, wasn't he?" Seale asked.

"Rich? He owned the finest assortment of debts of any man in Accra. They had to pay his steamer-fare to get him away. I don't believe the old scamp ever did have a cent beyond his pay, but he'd a knack of hinting that he was a millionaire, and people sometimes believed him. He blarneyed himself into a trading-house in Lagos on the strength of swaggering about money, which, of course, he hadn't got, and he might have worked himself back into a comfortable position if he had only chosen to keep straight. But that was not his way. He hung on there for a couple of years till he'd got his fingers well into the pie, and then one fine day he pulled out all the plums that were available and skipped by the British African boat to Grand Canary. He'd about a thousand pounds, all told, in his pocket when he landed at Las Palmas, and on the strength of it he married that pretty little woman I was telling you about, who died when Nancy was born."

"After which he took the child back to the Coast again, and brought her up like a savage?"

"No, he didn't; and that's about the only good point I ever heard the old ruffian accused of. He left her in Grand Canary, farmed her out (don't you call it?) in a village just outside Las Palmas, and went back again to the Coast to find money for the up-keep of her. It was a pretty plucky thing to do, because several jails were waiting for him anxiously, and he'd dirtied his ticket so thoroughly up and down that no white man would touch him with the end of a swizzle-stick. What he did was to steam down coast to Lagos Roads, change over to the branch-boat and get across the bar, and then slip away from her by native canoe. He didn't land on the island at all. He went off over the lagoon, and then on, right up to the back of the Egba country. There was a hot war on then with the Yorubas, and it was about nine to one he'd get knocked on the head and chopped; but somehow the old scamp slipped through, and then he started in to collect rubber. He got a mud-and-grass hut built and lived on native chop, and must have had a pretty tough time of it at first, because all the roads were blocked, and he could neither get 'trade' up-country nor send his rubber down. But after a bit things went better with him. He got his rubber carried down to Lagos, contrived to lay hold of a few domestic slaves to do his work, and was able to send remittances to the woman who farmed Nancy outside Las Palmas. If he'd stuck to what he'd made then he might have lived pretty comfortably, because trade-gin makes tolerable cocktails when you're used to it, and up in that part of the bush you can always get chickens and mutton if you care to pay. But he didn't do that: he stuck to the cheap native chop, and when he had fever he grudged himself pills and quinine; it took him all he knew to scrape up eighty pounds a year for Nancy."

"Oh, my hat!" said Seale; "and I thought that man was a millionaire."

"I wish," said Charteris, "you could have seen him when I did. I was up at the back of the Egba country with a Commission, and we picked up the wood-smoke of his cooking one day in the dusk. We had missed the village we were trying for, and had no fancy for collecting fever by squatting out in the bush. So we pushed on and came upon a few chimbeques in a clearing. A thing that called itself a white man was in one of them, and that was Hankin. He was down with black-water fever, and when the doctor had done a turn with him I went in to stand my watch. He wasn't an inviting spectacle, and if you knew what black-water fever is—which you don't—you'd understand why. But he was a white man, or had been white once, and out there one feels a sort of kinship to one's color. So I sat by the poor devil and heard his yarn; and when he asked me a bit of a favor I couldn't very well refuse it, because, you see, he asked when he was in the very act of pegging out. He wanted me to pick up this youngster of his as I was going home, and hand her over to you."

"But why to me of all people?"

"Hankin said," replied the other stolidly, "that he knew you thought you'd some claim on him, and that therefore he considered he'd a claim on you. I said I didn't see the force of his argument. He said that was his palaver, and would I do what I was asked, or have a very nasty taste left on my conscience by refusing? So, of course, I was forced to say 'Yes,' and there was an end of the matter. The Hausas buried him at sunrise, and we marched on."

"But what on earth am I to do with the child? I'm making a poor enough show of keeping myself. I had—er—expectations once, but they haven't come off yet, and I'm more largely dipped than I care to think about. I'm only a poor brute of a bank clerk with half-nothing a year for pay. It strikes me you've done somebody a pretty mean turn."

"How could I help myself?" said Charteris. "I didn't know you from Adam, and Hankin shoved the job on to me at a peculiar time. You haven't seen a man die in a bush hut, with no one 'round but savages, or else you'd understand. I can quite imagine it's an unpleasant surprise to you; but you know—you needn't take over the youngster."

"What?" said Seale; "you'll keep her on yourself?"

Captain Charteris laughed harshly. "I shall drag out my own leave here in England mostly on tick, and then get back to the Coast again. Man, I haven't thirty pounds in the world. I couldn't afford to be saddled with a dog. I suppose it comes to this: we'll both repudiate her."

"And the result will be?"

"Workhouse, I suppose."

"What a ghastly thing to think about!"

"My dear sir, we can gather comfort from knowing it's no fault of ours. It's a case of 'sins of the fathers.' Hankin shouldn't have been a blackguard; or, if he was, he shouldn't have married; or, if he did marry, he shouldn't have allowed Nancy to step out into the world. If he's any sense of decency left Hankin ought to be squirming in hell this minute at the thought of the mischief he's brought about."

Seale hit the table in front of him so that the cigar ashes jumped.

"This is a horrible business anyway," he said, "but it's got to be put an end to. The more we think over it, the worse it gets. You and I have no legal responsibility; so we'll just hand over this calamitous child to the police, and shuffle off the whole matter. Where have you stowed her?"

"At the 'Metropole.' We'll go there one-time if you like."

"Yes," said Seale, and strode noisily out.

—met him at the door, a radiant vision in tropical white

CHAPTER II

THEY exchanged only one remark on the way across.

"She's a taking little beggar," said Charteris, "though I don't think she cares much for me." Upon which Seale broke out against him with sudden violence and profanity, and insisted on the subject being dropped. And after that they marched down Northumberland Avenue in silence.

"It's right up at the top," said Charteris as they walked into the hall of the hotel. "I economized in the matter of rooms. So we may as well go up by the lift. Shall I tell the porter to have a four-wheeler ready in five minutes?"

"Oh, do anything you like," said Seale. "No, you needn't bother about that now, though. There are cabs always ready. Here, come along: there's a lift just going up."

Two minutes later Captain Charteris opened a door and showed Seale a pretty child of six asleep in a deep armchair. She woke as they came into the room, nodded to Charteris, and stared at his companion critically. For once in his life Seale was tongue-tied before a lady. He somehow or other felt unutterably mean, though (as he carefully explained to himself) there was no just cause for this feeling. And, as an effect, all initiatory small talk left him. There was a long silence in the room, and it was the child who first broke it.

"You must be the gentleman," said she to Seale, "who is going to take care of me?"

"No," he answered sullenly, "I am not."

"Oh," said Nancy, leaning back in her chair again, "I am sorry for that."

Seale could not help asking "Why?"

"Because," came the answer, "I like you. I like you better than him," she added, with a nod across at her steamer escort.

"This is gratifying," said Charteris. "But I am afraid, young lady, that it is a rather useless avowal. Now, we've come to take you out for a drive somewhere. So suppose you put on your hat and jacket."

"Can't," said Nancy cheerfully. "I've not begun to dress myself yet. I'm not growed up enough for that. But you," she said, with a nod at Seale, "can put on my things for me if you like. They're all lying there on that sofa. Shoes first."

"Oh, look here," said Charteris; "we'd better ring for the stewardess—chambermaid, I mean."

"No," said Seale; "I may as well do what I can for the kid. Hang it, man! Let me do something. God knows I'm feeling brute enough as it is."

So with infinite pains and clumsiness he put on Nancy's outdoor raiment, and when he had finished, he stepped back to overlook his handiwork.

"Well?" she said.

"What?" he asked.

"Don't I look nice?"

"Ye-es, I suppose you do. Yes, distinctly you do."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

"I don't understand."

"The others," said Nancy judicially, "when they dressed me, and when I was good, and when I looked nice, always gave me a kiss to finish up." Charteris laughed.

Seale turned on him savagely with a "Drop that!" Then he stooped and took hold of the child's hand and said, "Come on."

"Kiss first," said Nancy. "I've been good."

Shamefacedly Seale pecked at her with his mouth, and Charteris laughed again. "I wouldn't do it," said Charteris, "if I were you. That sort of thing leaves a nasty taste afterward—when you remember she is rigged in workhouse uniform, you know."

Seale kissed the child again, this time more scientifically. "Now, look here," he said; "we'll just drop that foolishness, please, for always. If you think I'm going to let this jolly little beggar go to the parish pauper shop you're badly mistaken. What will become of her in the end, I'm ——— if I know; but for the present, and until something turns up, I'm going to take her off to my own rooms; and my landlady and I'll dry-nurse her between us. We shall probably make a poor enough job of it, because funds are very scarce; but I guess we're about the only opening Nancy has before her at present. Come along, Nancy, and we'll drive off in a rubber-tired hansom to my palatial chambers."

"I say," said Charteris, as they were going back along the corridors; "you're rather a good sort, you know."

Seale turned upon him with a sudden glow of passion. "I'm about the most unlucky brute in London this minute," he cried, "and if there's one man I ought to hate, that's you! You've landed me in the devil of a mess, and there's no getting out of it. You knew what she was; you'd seen her; and I don't think you did the fair thing not telling me beforehand. Of course, I thought that being Hankin's kid, she'd be—well, just fit for the workhouse. How was I to know that she was like this?"

"You're a bit unreasonable."

"I'm not going to argue with you," said Seale. "The thing's done, and I've got no use for you any further."

"I don't quite take your meaning."

"Well, it's this, Captain Charteris: what little I've seen of you will last me the rest of my time. You may say good-by to Nancy if you like, but you needn't bother to shake hands with me. I wish you were at the devil."

CHAPTER III

WHEN a young man of twenty-three deliberately adds to his bachelor household an attractive young lady of six summers, who speaks foreign languages and possesses a history, attention is naturally drawn to the performance. Seale's acquaintances, especially the feminine portion of them, were first curious, and then shocked; and out of sheer justice to Nancy he had to tell one or two of them the true story of Hankin. The news spread through that small fraction of London which knew Seale, and the respect with which it had previously regarded him changed with a very short prelude. It is no use giving dinners to a young man with no expectations, who has deliberately chosen to cumber himself with a scamp's child; and if you have daughters it is a mad thing to ask to your dances a wretched fellow whom it would be the utmost misfortune for your daughter to fall in love with. And so the invitations ceased with brisk unanimity; and as Seale had been accustomed to much going out and about, he saw fit to do it now on his own resources, which, of course, cost money.

How he managed to keep going for the next seven years is a matter best known to himself and Nancy, who at an early stage was initiated into the art of circumventing *res angusta domi*, and living at the rate of twice one's income. But there is a certain amount of enjoyment to be derived from sailing close to the wind, and a *camaraderie* grew up between the two of them that was very pleasant in its completeness. At the same time, that he might not accuse himself of hoodwinking youth, Seale used to instill morality as he went along.

"Y' know we're awful blackguards, old lady, having things and not paying for them the way we do," he would say; "and I ought to be kicked for showing a kid like you the style it's managed."

Upon which Nancy would retort; "All right, Ted, I quite understand. But it's me that's to blame, not you. If there was no me to fritter money over, you'd live on your pay and have a lot left over. So as far as you're concerned, it doesn't count."

And then after Seale had solemnly assured her that she was completely wrong, and that he (by reason of his seniority) carried the sin of the pair of them on his own shoulders, they would go off to a theatre, or West for dinner, by way of getting rid of the taste of the lecture.

But this style of living, ingenious though it may be, is liable to be brought to an end from the outside; and when the conclusion did finally come, Seale's only matter for surprise was that it had not arrived several years earlier.

"Old lady," said Seale one day, when he had lit up his cigar after dinner in the big chair beside the fireplace, "the bank's given me the chuck."

"Phe-ew!" said Nancy.

"At least, they've told me of another billet that's open, and said that if I don't resign nicely, and take it with a smile, I shall probably find myself out of a job altogether. The manager seemed to think that my ideas of personal finance were too florid to be quite healthy in a mere bank clerk."

"Where's the new billet?"

Seale laughed. "In a place you've heard of before—Lagos. One year on duty and six months' leave, with steamer-fare paid home and back. Three hundred a year and allowances to draw all the time."

"My!" said Nancy; "what a lot! It's a heap more than you're getting now. We'll go, eh?"

"You won't, anyway."

"Why not? Don't we do everything together? I shall come and keep house for you, and save you lots. You can't keep house a bit, Ted."

"Shall have to. I—— Nancy, come here, old girl."

Nancy came across the hearth-rug, and sat herself upon his knee, and lay back luxuriously.

"Nancy, I've been an awful brute to you. I've kept you here because I liked having you, when you ought to have been away at school with other girls, learning things."

"I have been learning," said Nancy stoutly; "I've had lessons with you nearly every day. I can read, and write, and mend socks, and do accounts, and order a dinner. Isn't that enough?"

"Nowhere near," said Seale. "You're growing up, you see. You're thirteen now, and you'll be in long frocks in a year or so, with your hair in a knob, and the Lord knows what else; and there are things a girl ought to learn that I can't teach; and—well, I'm a pretty bad lot, old lady, and if you go away to a decent school you'll learn that is so."

"Ter-waddle," said Nancy. "Didn't you saddle yourself with me, and doesn't that prove you to be the best man in the world? 'Tisn't as if I'd never seen any others of the boys. I've met 'em, lots of 'em, and that's why I know what I say's right. And besides, it would never make any difference to me whether you were the biggest sweep on earth, or the biggest angel. You're just my Ted, and that's all I care about."

"Yes; but Nancy, you couldn't go to the Gold Coast, anyway. You'd lose all your good looks for one thing ——"

"Don't care."

"But I do. I'm proud of them, if you are not. And besides, you'd spoil all the arrangements. This way: you see I get allowances for one only. If you went there'd be your steamer-fare to pay, and an establishment to keep up. And that would run away with all the cash. Whereas, if I go alone, I shall get everything paid; come back with all my money saved; and then you and I can spend the six months' leave on the jolliest spree imaginable."

But Nancy did not see it, and said so with point and argument. However, for once in his life Seale was firm. He had a feeling that he would have a much better chance, and a much better time of it, if he started this new life on the Coast as a bachelor without encumbrances. Still, he did not work openly upon this principle. He said he was leaving Nancy behind entirely for Nancy's good. But in the end, of course, he got his way.

CHAPTER IV

A B. AND A. boat took Seale across the Bay, and after calling at several African ports, brought up to an anchor head-on to a heavy swell in the Lagos Roads. A small branch-steamer came out to her from inside the bar, and Seale tasted the joys of being transhipped in a tossing surf-boat paddled by yelling Elmina boys. The branch steamer deposited him at one of the wharves which jut from the boulevard of the Marina into the lagoon, and his new chief met him there with a 'rickshaw and a white umbrella.

Knowing that Lagos is a town of negroes, Seale had somehow or other been prepared to find unlimited stinks; and because these were entirely absent the air of the place came to him as a pleasant surprise. He settled down in two large, cool, whitewashed rooms, and proceeded to enjoy himself.

Being newly landed and full of health, he naturally found the work expected of him ridiculously light; and as he had occasion to put on his dress clothes every night, and discovered that white men in Lagos are addicted to gorgeous dinners and much hospitality, he told himself with confidence that the Coast had been unjustly maligned, and that he had tumbled into a very snug berth. He retained this ecstatic frame of mind for exactly fourteen days, and then one morning a man came into his office and asked him to dinner for that evening.

"Can't," said Seale. "Much obliged all the same. I'm chopping with Anderson to-night. And so, by the way, are you, although I suppose you've forgotten. He asked us yesterday."

"You've got to go to Anderson's funeral in two hours' time," said the other man dryly. "He pegged out with heat apoplexy during the night, just before that tornado came on. Ta-ta; see you at the cemetery. And mind you turn up to chop with me, 7:30 sharp."

The other man nodded and left, and Seale mopped a very moist brow with his pocket-handkerchief. "This," he told himself, "is the very devil of a climate."

And by way of having the lesson rammed home he was invited to stand and frizzle in the sun, precisely one week later, while the flippant other man was himself being buried.

Seale was consumed with a mild touch of Coast fever that night, and the fear of death gripped him by the heart. He reviewed much of his past life, and was truly sorry that he had not amended his ways earlier, and so avoided coming to Lagos. He laid much solid blame upon Hankin, and told himself that he could dance with calm delight upon Hankin's tomb. Incidentally he remembered Nancy, and tried to carry his resentment along to her; but that did not act. No; it was no fault of Nancy's that he was out in this abominable exile. She was a good little beggar, anyhow, and a hot, new trouble arose in him when he thought of what must happen to her after he died, as (he was quite sure) must take place within the next few hours.

However, of course, he did not die then; and as an early dose of fever is the very best thing to acclimatize a man, he soon settled down into a very healthy fellow from a Coast point of view. But that early scare had bitten in deeply, and it prevented him from remaining popular with the Lagos community. Where every one is lavishly free-handed, the careful man who does not keep open house is not called careful merely. They give him an uglier name. And if a man of any obstinacy once overhears himself spoken of as "that stingy brute," he is rather apt to act up to the character. Besides, every time the dangers of the place were brought home to him more nearly, either by illness within the marches of his own proper body or by the news of death among the white community, Seale could have screamed aloud in his agony of dread as to what would happen if Nancy were left unprovided for.

Yet, torment himself how he would, the fund which he was making for her grew with exasperating slowness. He had to eat and drink to live; and everything was expensive; and the pay and allowances which had seemed dazzling at a distance shriveled woefully when counted on the spot. Moreover, he had always possessed the unwieldy knack of making two shillings go as far as one, and had never contrived to shake himself adrift from it. And so, when the time of his first leave came round, he drew his home-pay and accepted a six months' billet in the bush for extra lucre. He wrote home to tell Nancy that he was so hard-worked that he could not get away—which was scarcely true—and also that he was in brilliant health at the time of writing, which was a solid lie.

His next leave he also tried to miss, but broke down with dysentery, and had to spend a much-grudged two months in Grand Canary to save his life. But he came back to the Coast again with new health, and hammered desperately at the dollar-mill to make up his leeway. He was not liked in Lagos still; but a rumor had got about that there was a reason for his stinginess, and some of the men had got a respect for him—though, of course, that is a vastly different thing from a liking.

And at the end of four and a half years from his leaving England, Captain Charteris came to him again and put a change into his life, as he had done once before.

Seale had not forgotten his old animosity against the man; and when he first brought his face in the office quite unexpectedly—for Charteris had come into money, and was living at home as a decent English gentleman now—Seale bade him uncivilly enough to get out, one-time.

"You must hear my message first," said Charteris, "although I'm repeating an old offense."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm bringing Nancy to you. She's upstairs, waiting in your house this minute, and I've just come down here to break the news."

"What! Nancy here! Man, you're either dreaming or drunk."

"I am neither, although I wish I was both. The Lord knows I've no cause for rejoicing."

Seale sat at his office desk and passed a finger around inside his shirt collar. "You'd better explain," he said.

"Quite so. To begin with, Hankin—or rather his ghost—is interfering again. It seems he once invested money in

(Concluded on Page 18)

Ballads of the Banks—By Holman F. Day

6—"As Beseemeth Men"

WE HEARD her a mile to west'ard—the liner that cut us through—
As crushing the fog at a twenty-jog she drove with her double screw
We heard her a mile to west'ard as she bellowed to clear her path,
The grum, grim grunt of her whistle, a leviathan's growl of wrath
We could tell she was aimed to smash us, so we clashed at our little bell,
But the sound was shredded by screaming wind and we simply rung our knell
And the feeble breath, that screamed at Death through our horn, was beaten back.
And we knew that doom rode up the sea toward the shell of our tossing smack

THEN out of the fog she thundered, the liner, smashing to cast,
Her green and her red glared overhead and her bows were spouting yeast
The eyes of her reddened hawse-holes, her dripping and towering flanks,
Flashed with no gleam of mercy for her quarry on the Banks.
She scornfully spurned us under, the while her whistle brayed.
Nor heeded the crash of our little craft nor the feeble chirp we made;
And as down we swept, her folk that slept—they slumbered serenely still,
And even the lookout on the bridge scarce felt the thud and thrill
But they jangled her bells and halted; and the sullen sea they swept
With the goggling gleam of the searchlight's beam. A dozen of us had crept
On the mass of the tangled wreckage she contemptuously had tossed
A mile astern in the chop and churn The others were drowned—were lost!
There was never a whine nor whimper, only some muttered groans,
As the ocean-buffeted martyrs who clung there with shattered bones.
And those whose grip was broken as the surge reeled creaming high,
Went out from the ken of the searchlight with a hoarse but brave "Good-by."

In the great white light no sign of fright stole wrinkling o'er a face,
For the men of the Banks know how to die when Davy trumps their ace
And better than simply dying—they can cheerfully, bravely give
Life, heart and head in a comrade's stead if they deem that he ought to live
For there in the searchlight's glory, the night that they cut us down,
Old Injun Joe gave up his cask that another might not drown
Old Joe was a lone world-rover, the other had babes on land;
No word was said, but Joe went down with a wave of his dripping hand
And ere the lifeboats reached us and gathered our scattered few,
We saw that night what so long we'd known, that a Glo'ster fishing crew,
Rude and rough and grimed and gruff, had calmly shown again
That on sea or sod they can meet their God in the way that beseemeth men!

THEN over her sullen bulwarks, as she stamped and chafed and rolled,
From the night and wreck to her dazzling deck climbed we—and our tale was told
And the dainty folk from her staterooms listened and gazed and said
As they tiptoed across our dripping trail, "How awful!"—then went to bed.
And our half-score left, of all bereft—comrades and gear and smack—
Sat hoping our wreck would tell no tales till our scattered few came back
And haughtily unrepentant, the liner, insolent still,
Through foam and spume and fog and gloom drove on to wreak her will
Were only her zeal less eager, her lust for her prey less keen,
She must have sensed that horrid chill that shuddered from One Unseen
But onward she plunged unheeding that there in the vast, black sea,
As grim as Fate there lay in wait One mightier than she
A ghost in white before her—the fog its sombre pall—
And she crushed herself like dead-ripe fruit against the iceberg's wall
Then up from her perfumed cabins came pouring the rich and proud,
And I—poor Glo'ster fisher—I blushed for that maddened crowd

THERE were men in silken night-gear who fought frail women back,
There were pampered fools who, fierce as ghouls, left murder in their track,
There were shrieking men whose jeweled hands dragged children from a boat
And rode away in the babies' stead when the life-craft went afloat.
'Tis not for boast that I tell the rest; we're not of the boasting kind—
We folks that sail from Glo'ster town; but you know you'll sometimes find
A man who sneers at a tattered coat or a sunburned fist or face,
And believes that only blood or purse can honor the human race
Forlorn and few, our battered crew had stared at Death that night;
Perhaps we'd known him so long and well his mien did not affright.
Perhaps we hide here in our hearts, below the rags and tan,
The honest stuff, unplaned and rough, that really makes the man
For we bared our arms and we stormed the press—of safety took no care;
We dragged those wretches from the boats—then placed the women there.
No time had we for the courtly "Please!" If a poltroon answered "No,"
We gave him the thing that a man reserves for the coward's case—a blow.

IT ISN T a boast, I say again; but we stayed till all had passed,
Then the ragged coats of those Glo'ster men went over her lee rail last
And three of the few of our scattered crew, who had twice dared Fate that night,
Went down in the rush of the whirlpool's tow when the liner swooped from sight
We ask no praise, we seek no heights above our chosen place,
But the men of the Banks know how to die when Davy tramps their ace.
And if need arise for a sacrifice we've shown, and we'll show again,
That on sea or sod we can meet our God in the way that beseemeth men

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶Some people are such pessimists that they calculate the price of next summer's ice and add it to this winter's coal bills.

¶If Santa Claus had to go to bargain counters for his Christmas presents his merry smile would soon be in need of repairs.

¶In one respect the Sultan may be envied. Every time he wants to see a naval parade all he need do is to decline to pay a bill.

¶In some ways this has been a good year. The political boss is smaller than he was last January and the people are larger. If things keep on moving, it will not be long before the boss will be glad to be one of the people.

¶Democracy ruled in the recent mayoralty elections. In a great Western city an orchestra leader becomes mayor; and in the East one city has chosen a stoker to be its chief magistrate, and another has chosen an undertaker's assistant.

¶If President Roosevelt will upset the prevalent idea that party service is the sole test of a man's fitness for office, and it looks as if he will, the country will be more than willing to move an exception in his case and to erect a monument to him before he dies.

¶An unusually large number of unlucky men, mistaken for animals, have been bagged by light-minded individuals who, armed with rifles and shot-guns, have foolishly deemed themselves hunters and gone out into the woods. It is a pity that the fool-killer doesn't carry the guns.

¶Seven of the States have passed laws permitting voting to be done by machine and others have adopted constitutional amendments looking to the same thing. Voting machines, of course, are familiar in American politics, but in this case the machine simply records the vote—it does not put it in.

Flying Over Tariff Walls

THE airship of M. Santos-Dumont falls far short of the mighty machines imagined by Jules Verne and other romancers. Its modest ten or fifteen miles an hour on a calm day and its helplessness in anything like a wind are very different from the resistless energy with which the airships of fiction cleave the fiercest hurricanes at twice the speed of an express train.

Nevertheless, M. Santos-Dumont's invention may have very important practical results, and that at an early day. It is commonly said that such a machine as his is only a scientific toy, and that, even if passengers should patronize it for the pleasure of the voyage, it never could be used for carrying freight. But it is precisely in freight carrying of a certain kind that the device may first be put to practical use and made to pay large dividends.

Henry George said many years ago that when aerial navigation should be perfected custom-houses would disappear, because the only way to maintain a tariff around a country would be to roof the country in. That is undeniably true of the perfected flying machine of romance, and it may turn out to be true to a very considerable extent even in such feeble steps in the direction of the navigation of the air as have been taken at Paris

The airship in its present state cannot be used for carrying heavy goods to any great distance, but it can carry light things of considerable value—silks, laces, jewels, opium, cigars, paintings and the like—a hundred miles or so in good weather without trouble. Let us imagine a free trade emporium established in Canada twenty or thirty miles from the frontier, stocked with goods of these kinds and provided with a fleet of Santos-Dumont's airships. What would hinder aeronauts from taking out their cargoes on any dark, still night and landing them fifty miles on our side of the line? Any force of customs inspectors that we could employ would be worthless against such an invasion. The whole United States Army could not stop it. We should simply have to abandon the attempt to collect duties on things that could be carried by the aerial route, unless, as Mr. George remarked, we were prepared to roof the country in.

Probably M. Santos-Dumont did not have any such possibilities in mind when he was perfecting his invention. But the most important effects of a scientific idea are often those that have been least expected. It would be interesting, but not surprising, if the smugglers should be the first to turn the navigation of the air to practical account.

It is hard to be genuine when one wears imitation jewelry.

The Greater Britons

IN THESE days of British gloom, when so much is being said about the lack of strong leadership in politics and when a costly war shows no sign of ceasing, it is well to remember that the name of the United Kingdom covers a multitude of interests far beyond the fogs of London. In the old sense Great Britain is the island comprising England, Scotland and Wales with an area of less than ninety thousand square miles and a population of less than thirty-four millions. Great Britain in the modern meaning is the splendid kingdom covering nearly twelve million square miles in all parts of the earth and containing almost four hundred millions of people. A decade ago the new Britain outside of the old Britain was called the Greater Britain, and to-day it might be designated Greatest Britain.

A few weeks ago the Duke of York returned from a truly regal visit to the colonies in both hemispheres and was made the Prince of Wales. It is an open secret among the knowing ones of politics that the most important impression which the heir to the throne brought with him from his world-tour concerned the great ability, the noble independence, the democratic spirit, the splendid broad-mindedness of the men who stand at the head of affairs in these same colonies. Mr. Arnold White expressed the general fact when he wrote, in illustration of this discovery, that a man like Mr. Sedden, Prime Minister of New Zealand, "is physically, mentally and morally a Brobdingnagian when compared with the Lilliputians of Downing Street."

The instances need not stop there. In every one of these great colonies a new and educated manhood has arisen, and it keeps step with the march of thought and progress. In Australasia a federation of free governments has been almost ideally created, and although the members of it are nominally under the Crown they are in effect free, independent republics, and their affairs are very ably administered. We have only to step across the border to find how well some of this work is being done. The Canadian people live a free life; they are developing their wonderful country; they have politics as strenuous as our own; their leaders are able and powerful, and their whole condition shows that spirit which is the finer flower of civilization

It is not that Great Britain lacks great men or that it is deficient in its intellectual resources. The real explanation of the impotence of Downing Street is the policy that keeps the vast interests of the world's greatest empire in the hands of a few men who have neither the ability for statesmanship nor the energy for action. Suppose Great Britain should call upon the colonies to help out the crisis in Downing Street as it did to help upon the fields of South Africa. The British colonial soldiers won magnificent honors for bravery and efficiency. Of the mass of accusation against arms blundering that has come from Africa there has been no word against the colonial troops. We venture to say that if the colonial statesmen should be put in charge in Downing Street there would be a new note and a new hope in the life of the British Empire

It would be the call of Great Britain to Greater Britain for the Greatest Britons, and the historians would have to save many pages in which to record the results.

The man who gets up to make the fire does not always get his share of the heat

The Flag as an Asset

WHATEVER the enemies of Mr. Cecil Rhodes may have charged up against him, he has never been accused of lack of either common-sense or business acumen. Of all the remarkable utterances of this remarkable man none is more likely to be remembered than the statement he made recently in an interview with an American newspaper correspondent when he referred to the flag of Great Britain as "the greatest commercial asset in the world." Great Britain is known in every corner of the earth, for her ships carry the flag alike among savage isles and into civilized ports. Even on our own coasts the proportion of British mercantile flags to our own is often more than three to one

Germany is beginning to realize the power of a national emblem in starting business inquiry and quickening trade, and much of her machinery that goes to foreign lands now bears in enamel a miniature of her flag.

The great English shipping firms that own large fleets of vessels have standing rules governing the display of the Union Jack; the result is that every one of their ships at anchor in a foreign port flies its flag from eight o'clock in the morning till sundown. "What's the use of wearing out flags by keeping them up all the time?" I once heard an American skipper say in a foreign port. "My owners kick at the bunting bill as it is."

So long as the greater part of American trade going to foreign lands travels in foreign bottoms and under a foreign flag just so long will our merchants be sharing with another country the advertisement that their energy and enterprise entitle them to enjoy alone. Though it is proper to forbid the use of the flag for advertising purposes direct, it is well to remember that the flag, in itself, constitutes the greatest advertisement that the country possesses. We should keep up and ever increase the peaceful mercantile invasion of foreign lands and harbors with the flag. It cannot be seen there too often. Let every ton of merchandise and every piece of machinery that leaves the country carry, on some part of it, the eagle or the shield. It is the simplest, the best and the most direct method for the enlargement of commerce. The flag is the greatest business asset we have, and trade will follow it everywhere.

Reading about success is an incentive, but without action it is just about as useful as steam in a kettle.

Bankruptcy from Little Leaks

IT IS possible to lose much by littles. A classic case is that of the royal granary which was depleted of its stores by a succession of "one rat came and took one grain away, and another rat came and took another grain away." So fortunes are dissipated, and reputations are destroyed, and health is ruined, and character itself lost—by little extravagances, little indiscretions, little negligences, little obliquities.

Benjamin Franklin was a great economist, not alone of money but of time. He said: "To teach a young man to shave himself is as good as to give him a purse of gold." He had reference to the minutes as well as the dimes it costs to patronize the barber.

Elihu Burritt stopped the leak in his time and taught himself a dozen languages. Gladstone was equally wise, for he read Plato in his carriage between Carleton Terrace and the Parliament buildings.

A prosperous man ascribed his success in business to his habit of permitting no particle of material to be unproductive. He experimented and elaborated until he found a method of disposing profitably of every atom left over.

There is a man in New York who has in bank a goodly sum of money which he calls his "'tis but fund." When tempted to needless expenditure by the specious plea, "'Tis but a nickel, or a quarter, or a dollar," he denies himself, and drops the amount he would have spent into a portable bank which is filled with amazing frequency. That is one way to stop the leak.

More serious than any prudential matter are the little leaks in life by which vital energy is squandered and moral force is diminished, imperceptibly, it may be, through what we sometimes regard as inconsequential acts. Lack of order in our methods of labor; indifference to the "minor morals" of hygiene, and the "major morals" of honesty and truth; the practical repudiation of personal responsibility; the neglect of duties which arise from our ethical and religious nature—these are the leaks which we must stop or be bankrupt in the world's eyes, and in God's.

"Publick Occurrences"

Good Roads in America

Mr. Edwin A. Potter

By Edwin A. Potter

Treasurer National Good Roads Association

GREAT advances have been made by the cause of good roads since this subject was considered in national convention at Chicago last year. Two agencies have contributed powerfully to promote this interest: the National Good Roads Association, and the Office of Public-Road Inquiries of the United States Department of Agriculture. Altogether the most important private ally which these public agencies have summoned to their assistance is the Illinois Central Railroad.

This particular phase of the general campaign of education in the art of road building is so striking and significant that it deserves especial emphasis. Nothing is quite so convincing as actual, visual demonstration.

This is what President W. H. Moore and Secretary R. W. Richardson of the National Good Roads Association thought. Mr. Martin Dodge, Director of the Office of Public-Road Inquiries, concurred in this view. They determined to devise a plan by which short stretches of model roads should be constructed in certain localities. Learning of this movement, and realizing that nine-tenths of the freight hauled by a railroad must be carted by truck or wagon over a highway, the officials of the Illinois Central Railroad offered to furnish a "Good Roads Train" for demonstrating purposes along its line between Chicago and New Orleans. Experts from both the National Good Roads Association and from the Federal Office of Public-Road Inquiries manned this train, which was elaborately equipped with the finest road-making apparatus, donated by the manufacturers. It is impossible adequately to state the good accomplished by this novel train. I have not at hand the figures which record its operations, nor do they tell the full meaning of the model road-making in any sense of the word.

So far as legislative work is concerned the National Good Roads Association has centred its energies on the following plan of campaign, outlined at the national convention in Chicago in 1900: Securing in the various States the repeal of statute labor laws and the substitution therefor of the payment of the usual road taxes in cash; securing legal provision for the employment of vagrant, or tramp and convict labor in preparation of material for the construction of public roads; obtaining the passage of suitable State aid laws, and the appointment in every State, so legislating, of a non-partisan highway commission, to have general supervision over all road affairs; and securing suitable provision for governing the widths of tires used in hauling heavy loads.

Regarding the necessity for this movement, it is sufficient to say that the records of the Office of Public Road Inquiries show that "it costs the farmers of the United States nearly three times more than those of Europe to market an equal tonnage of farm products over primary roads."

The coming of the horseless carriage will prove a powerful aid in this cause, and the movements of this most modern of vehicles over the 3,500,000 miles of roads in this country will help to transform them, speaking broadly, into good roads.

Much was done at the recent session of the International Good Roads Congress, in Buffalo, to advance the interests of this important cause. In the vast stadium provided for the exhibition features of the Congress, a demonstration in practical road-building was given by a model force and equipment. This attracted general and studious attention from the visiting public and its influence will be felt in results.

The Raise-No-Wheat Movement

By P. B. Weare

BECAUSE it runs absolutely counter to human nature, the bread-eaters of the world have nothing to fear from the "Raise-No-Wheat" movement which is said to be spreading rapidly throughout the Southwest. According to the reports from Kansas hundreds of farmers are signing a compact not to put in an acre of wheat in 1902. An organization on township, county or State lines is being systematically pushed, and the number of recruits already enlisted is said to be so great that the men behind the movement hope to have practically every wheat raiser in the country pledged to abstain from sowing this crop in 1902.

Of course, the reason urged for this movement is the great increase in the price of wheat which it is expected to effect, and the consequent benefit which will come to the farmer. However, in one newspaper account of this "gigantic scheme" appears a significant line which reads: "Each farmer will contribute one dollar toward advancing the cause when he signs the agreement." This may have quite as much to do with the energy with which the work of organization is being pushed as has the prospective bulge of the future wheat market—for the one dollar initiation fee is a present certainty to the promoters of the movement, and the high price of wheat is far from assured.

This plan, however, is an outcropping of a certain phase of agricultural life which is both interesting and significant and has to be repeatedly met and exposed. There are a dozen sound reasons why a scheme of this kind cannot succeed, but there is little need to go beyond the one already hinted at: human nature.

Self interest is probably no stronger among the farmers than in any other class; but it is certain that this fundamental trait of character has not been uprooted from the natures of tillers of the soil any more than from the natures of speculators, merchants or manufacturers.

Therefore the moment any considerable number of wheat raisers in a certain territory take this pledge, those in other and perhaps remote sections determine to increase their acreage of this cereal in order to get the benefits of the high prices resulting from the restrictive movement. Thousands of small farmers who, under ordinary conditions, do not pay much attention to wheat, would at once be drawn into this crop and would go to unusual expense to put their small acreage under the highest possible state of cultivation.

Many of these farmers are outside the great wheat belt, and in districts of the Central and Eastern States, and they produce comparatively little or no wheat upon the chance of finding a high market. But should they believe that the chance is changed to a certainty and that they are insured a fancy price for wheat, they will not hesitate to come into the contest for this prize.

Then, too, it is absolutely idle to suppose that the big wheat growers of the Dakotas, for instance, would enter into any compact of this kind when in possession of knowledge that the growers of the Southwest were banding together.

In this connection it must be remembered that no crop so well prepares ground for a rich wheat yield as does flax, and that the Dakotas and Minnesota this year have 3,300,000 acres in flax. This means that the Southwestern scheme would give the owners of this acreage about seven months' notice in which to sow it to spring wheat. Provided they take a serious view of the movement under discussion, will they lose such an opportunity to get high prices for a big wheat crop? Never! And they have the added advantage of plenty of virgin soil well adapted to flax.

Even if every man who signs a Raise-No-Wheat agreement were to abide faithfully by his pledge, the wheat crop for the year in question would in my opinion be much larger than if there were no such scheme on foot. This phase of the movement is well illustrated by the history of the famous "Hold Your-Wheat" circular which was sent out anonymously in 1891 and was scattered broadcast among the farmers of the wheat belt. It met with a more general response than grain dealers thought possible. War clouds abroad came to the assistance of the scheme and sent the price of wheat up to one dollar. The farmers who had held for high prices became infatuated with greed for more and continued to stand out for a still greater advance. Then every grower in this country who was not in the scheme swept his bin clean; the wheat "pits" of India were dug out, their contents were sold, and almost every corner of the earth began to contribute to the tide of this costly cereal that swept down upon the market. Before the men in the "Hold-Your-Wheat" league realized what was upon them, prices declined and did not stop until they reached forty cents. As a result the crop of '91 was a millstone bearing down upon the market for about three years.

It is fair, however, to raise the question: Will the farmers entering into such an agreement abide by it? My only answer is that there have been notable instances where they have not done so. In a certain Southern State, about 1890, the cotton growers, almost to a man, joined in a scheme to put up prices by restricting the crop within certain limits. All went well until the crop was picked—and found to be larger than the normal yield!

Another reason why any league for the purpose of largely increasing the price of a crop by holding its acreage within given and artificial bounds cannot succeed, is because it does violence to the most vital consideration of scientific farming—that of crop rotation. In the old days farmers very largely put in their crops on the basis of habit instead of science. The lot that gave a good yield of corn one year was, for that reason, planted to corn the next season. Now this practice is as generally obsolete as it was then common. To-day almost every farmer who makes any claim to intelligent methods has a crop scheme which covers a period of six or seven years, and which involves a changing, or rotative, plan, based upon well-determined scientific principles. To throw this scheme out of joint by a sudden departure—as would be absolutely necessary to meet the requirements of a movement like that under discussion—would involve serious loss and inconvenience and would deter the best class of farmers from such an undertaking.

Then, too, it should be remembered that there is a good profit to the grower in the ruling prices of wheat. Constantly improving shipping facilities and steadily decreasing freight and carrying charges have increased his profits, while the cost of production has not increased.

In other words, he is getting a good, fair return for his labor and investment, and may well afford to rest content therewith, instead of resorting to chimerical schemes which promise fancy prices, but which will profit him nothing in the end.

The McKinley Memorial Arch

By Henry B. F. Macfarland

President William McKinley National Memorial Arch Association

Mr. Henry B. F. Macfarland

A MEMORIAL ARCH in honor of President McKinley, in sight of the White House and the Capitol, erected by the contributions of all the people, seems a most appropriate expression of their unexampled affection for him. It is the object of the William McKinley National Memorial Arch Association to secure, by a national popular subscription, the construction of such a memorial in the city of Washington. The Association was organized and incorporated as the result of a mass-meeting of citizens of the District of Columbia. It was natural that the national capital should present this project to the country, for it is to be a national movement.

The national character of the organization is well illustrated by its list of officers. Henry B. F. Macfarland, President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, is President; Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, is Treasurer; Thomas F. Walsh, of Colorado, is Secretary.

The National Vice-Presidents are: Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, Admiral George Dewey, General Nelson A. Miles, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Henry C. Potter, Bishop Edward G. Andrews, Rabbi E. G. Hirsch, Dr. Francis E. Clark, President of the United Societies of Christian Endeavor; Miss Helen Miller Gould, Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. George M. Sternberg, President-General of the Children of the American Revolution; Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, of California; Walter S. Logan, President-General of the Sons of the American Revolution; John Lee Carroll, General President of the Sons of the Revolution; Eli Torrance, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic; General John B. Gordon, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans; John M. Schofield, Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion; J. Edwin Brown, National Commander of the Union Veteran Legion; Robert St. G. Dyrenforth, Commander-in-Chief of the Union Veterans' Union; E. R. Campbell, Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Veterans; W. H. Hubbell, Commander-in-Chief of the Society of Spanish War Veterans; President Eliot, of Harvard University; President Patton, of Princeton University; President Harper, of the University of Chicago; President Jordan, of Stanford University; Rector Conaty, of the Catholic University of America.

President Roosevelt is an honorary member of the Association, having duly accepted his election and thereby expressed his approval of the movement. The Secretary of the Treasury, Honorable Lyman J. Gage, in taking the office of Treasurer brought strength to the cause as a representative of the Administration of President McKinley as well as of that of President Roosevelt, and the other members of the present Cabinet have been made honorary members.

The question of where the Arch is to be placed in Washington cannot be definitely determined now. But the preference of the Association is to place it at the Washington approach to the proposed Memorial Bridge across the Potomac, which is to connect Washington with Arlington Cemetery.

The arch will be the first memorial arch in Washington, and its size and character will be entirely worthy of its purpose and its position. It will be an object of especial interest to the constantly increasing number of visitors who come up to the national capital from all the States and Territories, and who would not see it if it were placed anywhere else. It will be a gratification to millions who have enshrined President McKinley's memory in their hearts.

In order to answer numerous inquiries which will doubtless recur in innumerable cases, I quote the following from the official statement of the purpose of the Association:

"Contributors to its fund will be made members of the William McKinley Memorial Arch Association. The Treasurer, Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, Washington, D. C., will receive all contributions and will forward certificates of membership to all contributors. Contributions of money may be handed to postmasters, managers of telegraph, telephone and express offices, or deposited with banks or other financial institutions, and newspapers. They are hereby authorized and requested to receive and transmit contributions to the Treasurer. The Association heartily invites and confidently expects the cooperation of the Governors of States and Territories, of the Mayors of Cities, and all other public officials, of the press of the country, of the churches, colleges and schools, and of all organized societies; and requests that they will take immediate action to promote its objects by making and securing subscriptions. All communications except remittances should be addressed to Thomas F. Walsh, Secretary, Washington, D. C."

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Recaptured: A Philippine War Story

(Continued from Page 7)

now Dyer and Scott with their beautiful, long breech-loaders at Battery Knoll, and Hawthorne with his Hotchkiss "barkers" close to Block House II, were sending their shells shrieking at the Insurgent works, their shrapnel bursting into deadly storm of lead that swept the parapets and silenced the bellowing Krupps. Through the upper stories of the houses in Santa Ana, built of frail bamboo, shell and lattice, the bullets came whizzing every moment, and the inhabitants—English half-caste and true American household, had taken refuge on the ground floors where behind solid stone walls, they were safe—safe from flying lead, that is, but not from flying foe.

From the moment of his arrival late that Friday night Jonas Pettibone had been in terror. Young Sandoval, he who had so eagerly urged that the family should take refuge at his home at Taytay, where they could be under guard of his retainers and far from the possibility of interference, now could not leave his post of duty to escort them and, in his jealous passion, would not let them go without him. Every hour or so all Saturday he had managed to dart in to ask for Patty, pleading to see her, but the girl had shut herself in her room and would not come down. Temporizing with Pettibone, he promised to convey him Sunday beyond all possibility of capture, but well he knew that before midnight, in all likelihood, the attack would begin. Not for an instant did he doubt that, when once the assault was ordered, he and his heroic compatriots, whirling the coward Yankee before them into the sea, would go careering into Manila, masters of the great city. Then he could return at will to Santa Ana and dictate terms to Pettibone—terms that would include Patty in the spoils of war.

But Sunday morning had come with the coward foe" unshaken, and now the disheartened battalions of Ricarti were drifting back from the banks of the Tripa to the shelter of the intrenchments and the stone walled inclosures of Santa Ana. Now the shrapnel began to burst in midair in front of his redoubts and spatter death throughout his lines. Now the huts and the houses, the great churchyard and the roomy convent began to fill up with dusky wounded, and stragglers and skulkers came huddling back into the Plaza. In gallant effort, Sandoval and his comrade officers rode, shouting and sword-waving, among them, and drove all uninjured soldiers into ranks again.

At longer range the fight was renewed, and Sandoval took heart. The Americans had not given way, to be sure. It was a drawn battle for the time being, but, just so soon as reenforced by Pio del Pilar, Ricarti could order another assault and with overwhelming numbers sweep the opposite bank. Meantime the Americans dare not strike. Vaingloriously, therefore, he rode back to the Pettibone gate and, flushed with battle and the consciousness of personal valor, appeared before them, Pet and his hysterical spouse crouching to the floor in abject terror, Patty almost scornfully ministering to them.

The crash of Filipino musketry made Pet rave with apprehension. They must be falling back! The Americans must be coming! "For God's sake!—for pity's sake—order the carriage and send me up to Pasig," he pleaded. In vain Sandoval strove to reassure him. "The Americans will be slaughtered," said he, "if they dare venture to cross the Tripa. They dream not of the valor of our soldiers," he declared, and ordered coffee served and breakfast cooked without delay. But even as he spoke the spat of a whistling bullet, tearing through the fragile lattice of the floor above, made Jonas cower lower, and the peal of the bugle called the young staff officer to the Plaza.

Carriage, *quitez* and *carromata* in front of headquarters were being loaded with wounded officers and official records. The reserves were forming in grim silence. The cheers of the earlier morning had died away. "Those accursed Yankees!" growled a trembling, grizzle-pated official, his brown face streaked with sweat. "They have deceived us. They have thousands to our one!" Sandoval knew well what that meant—not that the enemy had gained a man, but that the Insurgent had lost his nerve. Turning to a shaking little servant, he bade him seek the carriage and have it in readiness at the "casa Pettibone," then hastened once more to the front. Lying down behind the foot-high ridges in the rice fields, crouching behind the earth parapets of their redoubts, aiming over the rough stone walls, Ricarti's lines were still blazing at the opposite bank of the Tripa, sweeping the Concordia Bridge and sending a storm of Mauser and Remington bullets into the smoke bank that hanging low along the stream ever and anon jetted forth a fiery sheet, as in steady, well-aimed volley some Yankee platoon responded. Peering from an upper window of the convent, he could look out over the now deserted field toward the Paco suburbs, here, there and everywhere dotted by patches of pallid blue or dirty white, the abandoned dead of the Insurgent brigade. It was eight o'clock and Ricarti's attack had failed. The signals from across the Pasig at San Felipe Neri and San Juan del Monte told of triumph for the Filipino cause and bade the brothers of Pilar's division do their share and the day was won. But Sandoval could see with his strong glasses that San Miguel, commanding on the zone in front of Santa Mesa, had made no headway against the stalwart lads from Colorado and Nebraska. "A Spanish victory!" he swore in bitter wrath, and then went bounding down the stairs. Once more he sought the presence of the girl whose beauty had enthralled, whose disdain had maddened him. Suppose the Yankee should advance or turn his guns on Santa Ana! then what hope had he of holding her? There stood the Victoria at the gate, the little stallions dancing with excitement, the pygmy *cochero* livid and shaking from fear.

Bursting without ceremony into the presence of the family, he found them reenforced by Jonas, Jr., scared but spunky. Even that inconspicuous citizen had some pride left, and the stiff stand of his fellow-countrymen had rejoiced his feeble heart. Coffee and food stood unnoticed on the table. Old Pet was crouching in a corner, Mrs. Pet moaning on a bamboo couch, Patty, pale but calm, was hunting through some of her father's papers. "You must find it!" he quavered. "It would ruin me if——"

He broke off with a shriek. Three Filipino soldiers came bounding in at the rear door, arms still in their hands. Furiously Sandoval whipped out his glittering sword and demanded the meaning of this intrusion.

"The Americans! The Americans!" was their affrighted cry.

Springing to the stairway he reached the upper story and gazed out over the native nipa huts and the level rice fields beyond them toward the Tripa, and there he saw a sight which sent the blood rushing back to his heart. In long blue lines, at "fighting intervals" the right of the Yankee brigade was already across the Tripa and sweeping steadily eastward toward the San Pedro road, his one means of escape to Pasig. The right centre was just emerging from the stream, four splendid stalwart companies of those big Washingtons. They halted one instant at the brink. The line blazed with flame, a sheet of hissing lead swept the field and tore through the thinning ranks to the south of Santa Ana. Then on they came and in panic Sandoval leaped down the stairs. The crash of another volley straight from Block House II told that the second battalion of the Washingtons was coming too, and the splinters of lattice and shell work covered him as he leaped into the presence of the family below.

"To the carriage!" he shouted. "You have not an instant! You will be captured!" And with a howl of anguish Old Pet grabbed at his papers and rushed for the gate. "Follow, Señora, follow," he said. "Assist the Señora," he ordered the affrighted but docile soldiers; then sprang to Patty's side. "Come, Señorita, come!" he cried. But she darted behind the table away from his appealing hands.

Insurgent soldiers came hurrying in through the court, tearing off their uniforms and appearing in the white garb of the peaceful natives, seeking where to hide their arms. The crash of another volley not six hundred yards away and a glorious, full-throated cheer burst on the morning air, and drove the Tagal Captain to frenzy. With one catlike spring he cleared the narrow table, and, despite her furious blows, struggles and shrieks, seized the frantic girl in his arms and shouted to the soldiers for aid. Death was the only punishment they knew for disobedience, and at his demand they, too, pounced upon her, and, borne now by four little brown devils, poor Patty was rushed into the open air, through the gateway and out on the open Plaza.

A fierce imprecation fell from the lips of Sandoval. The carriage was gone. Terrified by the nearing clamor and uproar, the little team had darted away, and with the Tagal

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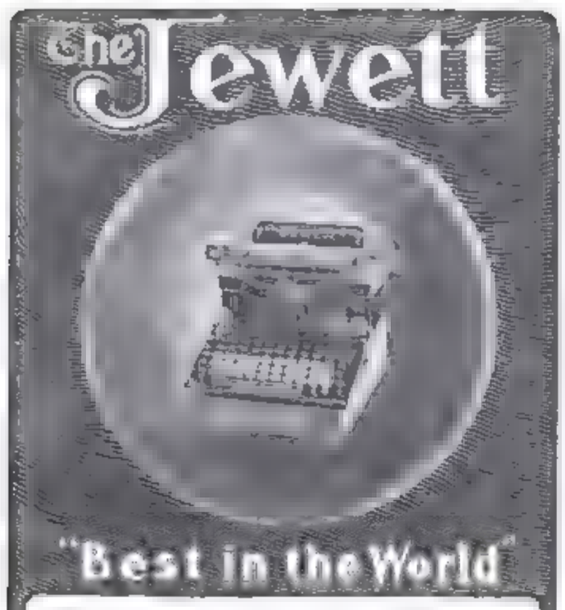

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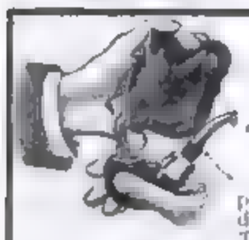

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soldiers dragging at their bits were plunging and rearing full three hundred yards up the square. There was no help for it; thither must she be carried; and, half fainting, the frenzied girl was hurried along. Yet she did not lose hope or pluck. Nearer and nearer the glorious cheering came, borne on the breeze, the ringing bugles sounding the charge, the rifles rattling all along the line and from the south and west front of the ... the scattering shots of the Filipinos were dwindling away, as the demoralized defenders took refuge in flight. By dozens and scores the little brown men were scurrying past them in mad race for the river road. Was there none to help? none to save?

Along the north side of the Plaza ran a high stone wall, and at the middle stood the ornamental iron gate, now sternly closed, in front of the beautiful grounds and homestead of the Macleans. Patty's imploring eyes caught sight of two or three stalwart forms in civilian dress behind the bars, and all her remaining strength went forth in one agonized scream for help. Then came a scene such as Santa Ana never knew before. Forth from the gateway burst three Anglo-Saxons and bore down full tilt on Sandoval. "Don't let them take me!" gasped Patty, and fainted. There were breathless questions, furious answers, Britannic bluster and Tagal threats, then biff! biff!—right and left handers that sprawled two of Patty's bearers in the dirt. Biff! bang! and Sandoval's half-drawn pistol went spinning one way, the owner another.

"Quick! Back to the house!" ordered Maclean, and thither the victors carried the girl just as a sputtering volley and a thrilling chorus of exultant cheers and shouts and stentorian orders of "Forward! Forward! Roll 'em up! Swing around on the right!" told that the right wing of the Washingtons had carried the works, and now were bursting in through the native huts at the south, cutting off the retreat of Ricarti's main body. In mad panic the scattering rebels were fleeing for the river beyond the great stone church. Sandoval, staggering to his feet, was swept away with them just as the blue-shirted leaders of the Washingtons came cheering and charging through the yards and pathways opposite Maclean's and springing out into the open Plaza in a dozen places at once.

For a few seconds the volleying broke forth again, as they spied the fleeing Taguls, but all along the opposite wall the belated ones threw down their arms and pleaded piteously for mercy. "Round 'em up. Gather 'em in, lads," were the orders, and a tall young officer strode forward to Maclean's gate as a smiling civilian appeared behind the bars.

"Come in, Mr. Royal," said he. "We've got one of your prisoners here."

A moment later Jack Royal was ushered upon a scene that so long as he shall live will live with him, indelibly photographed upon the filmy retina of that intangible yet almost indestructible organ—the mind's eye. In the safe shelter of the massive stone walls of the mansion, in an improvised sitting-room on the ground floor, three fair women were bending over a couch whereon lay, pallid, yet unspeakably lovely, a fourth. Wondering, big-eyed, flaxen-haired, curly-pated children hung about them. With an inarticulate cry of mingled joy, relief and love unutterable, the tall soldier threw himself upon his knees beside the couch, before them all, and folded the slender form in his strong arms, pillowed the pretty, disheveled head on his breast—all other captures forgotten.

It was the sound—unwelcome, doubtless—of the General's voice that brought Jack Royal back to earth. Maclean and his friends were extending welcome and congratulation.

"But I heard the men at the gate say there was another prisoner in here," said the Brigadier. "What did that mean?"

"It must have meant me, sir," quoth Jack, mopping his happy face as he came forth into the sunshine of Santa Ana.

Old Pet was not present at his daughter's quiet wedding. From Filipino sources it was learned that Sandoval had lived to fight another day and died like a little man, facing the assault of Wheaton's Flying Column on Cauta, but Filipino reports are always unreliable. They would have it that Pet was drowned in the Pasig by the overturning of the *banca* in which he sought to escape from the pursuit of the Californians to San Pedro Macati, and that Madame had subsequently joined her fortunes with those of a wealthy "mestizo" merchant; whereas officers returning to the United States swore they saw Pet skulking about in Nagasaki, and everybody knows Madame, like Mrs. Micawber, would never desert her spouse.

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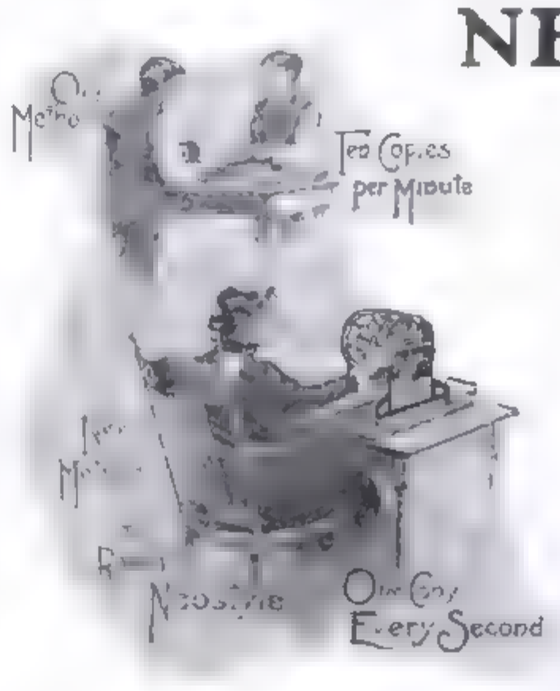

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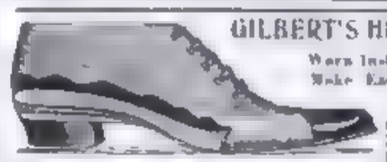

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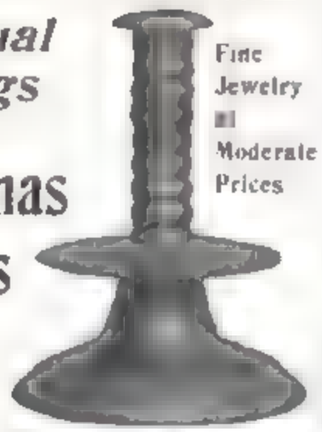

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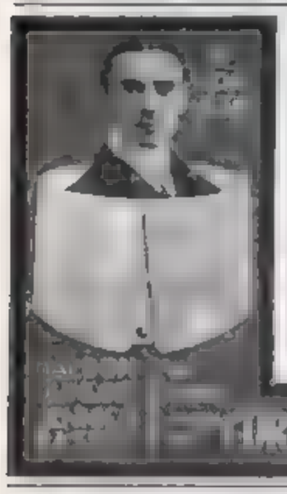

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Men & Women of the Hour

Why Marquis Ito Refused a Pass

Marquis Ito, the Japanese statesman, said, while in St. Paul recently, that of all the American customs that impressed him as peculiar the free transportation extended by the railroads of this country seemed most odd

"Why," said he, "should a railroad give away tickets? Every bit of mileage to them is the same as a piece of cloth to a drygoods firm. In Japan every one has to pay for his transportation. I never rode on a Japanese railroad for nothing in my life."

When the Marquis and party decided to proceed east from St. Paul over the Milwaukee line, the officials of the road extended to the distinguished Japanese and his companions the courtesy of the line and informed Mr. Ito's private secretary that the tickets and the private car would cost nothing. The secretary was visibly embarrassed and shook his head dubiously as he left the office of the company to convey the startling information to his master. Shortly afterward Marquis Ito appeared at the railroad office and insisted on paying for the tickets and the use of the special car

"I have no claim on your esteemed company," said the Oriental. "I should not feel right in traveling over your most excellent road without paying for the great pleasure."

And so the Milwaukee officials were obliged to carry the Marquis and his party over their line in the same way as if they were just plain, every-day Americans.

Governor Cummins at Play

Hon. A. B. Cummins

HON. A. B. CUMMINS, who has just been elected Governor of Iowa, is a great lover of children, and has two grandchildren of whom he is very fond.

The campaign was very spirited, and Mr. Cummins could not give as much time as he wished to his political work, his law business and his correspondence, as well as to his home. But of all the numerous calls and duties that devolved upon him it was not his home that suffered, nor did he neglect his grandchildren, who live near by.

Mr. Cummins usually left the office for his home about five o'clock. One evening a political friend wished especially to see him, and, arriving at the office just after he had left, determined to find him at his house. Ringing the bell he was met at the door by Mrs. Cummins, who informed him that her husband had gone out for a drive.

Disappointed, the visitor turned to leave, but suddenly remembered that perhaps he might yet catch Mr. Cummins at the barn. He accordingly turned back and went around the house toward the barn. As he neared the half-open door he heard the gleeful sound of childish voices. He slackened his pace and listened

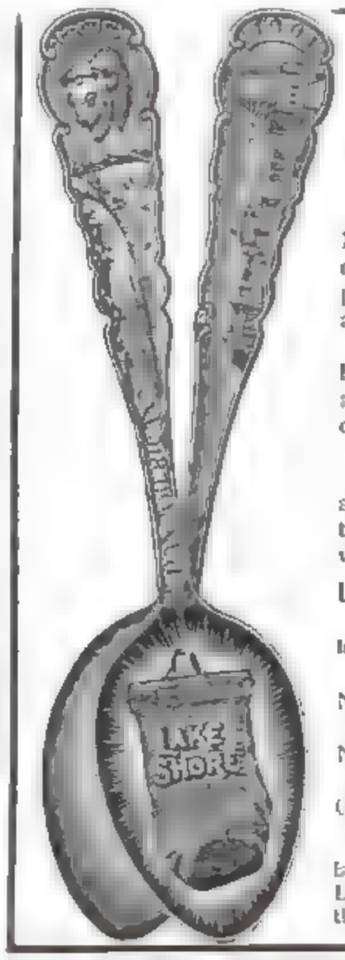
"Get up there now! Get up! We're going to Greenwood Park now! Gee, there!" came from within.

The political friend stepped inside and was surprised to see Mr. Cummins seated bolt upright in the carriage—no horse in sight—and holding on each knee a child, at the same time shaking imaginary lines and a whip and talking to the supposed horses

Mr. Cummins seemed not at all surprised by the interruption. Putting the children down he explained to his friend: "I have to find time to play with them once in a while. They enjoy it so much."

Mr. Cummins' political début was made fourteen years ago when he was elected to the State legislature. In 1894 he opposed John H. Gear for the United States Senate. He was beaten. Six years afterward the contest was renewed and for the second time Mr. Cummins met defeat. When Senator Gear died after serving six months of his second term, Mr. Cummins' friends urged Governor Shaw to name their favorite to the vacant position. The Governor appointed Mr. Jonathan P. Dolliver instead, however.

Early this year Mr. Cummins was urged to make the race for Governor and finally



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consented. After a memorable campaign he was nominated on the first ballot at the State convention out of a field of six candidates.

The Boy Who Votes for Hanna

Hon. Marcus A. Hanna

IF MARK HANNA doesn't go to Heaven I'm honest enough to say that I don't want to go there," said the Rev. James Gray, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Ashley, Ohio.

In explanation of his faith in the Republican leader, the Rev. Mr. Gray tells this story. He came to America from England when he was a boy and secured work as a farm hand in what is now Lakewood, a suburb of Cleveland. He was ambitious to study in the Cleveland schools and made the start with little money and no friends. He entered a grammar grade in the winter of '77 and managed to get along by carrying the Cleveland Leader and by acting as janitor of a church. One of his subscribers was Mr. Mark Hanna, and frequently when the newsboy came with the paper Mr. Hanna had a friendly greeting for him.

The boy soon discovered that some one had spoken favorably about him to the Cleveland Herald people, and he was asked to take charge of the circulation of that paper on the West Side. This he accepted, retaining likewise his Leader route. He succeeded in securing such an increase in the circulation of both papers that he could not furnish the money to pay for them daily as the newspaper offices required, for many of his customers did not pay until the amount reached one dollar or more.

Before long the newsboy found himself in debt at the offices considerably over $100, and as he had no bank account, and knew no one to go on his bond, it was decided by the business managers that he must surrender his positions. He says that he could blame no one for this as he was comparatively unknown.

On the final afternoon when he expected to wind up his career as a news carrier he left a paper as usual at the home of Mr. Hanna, at that time on Franklin Avenue. The eminent financier was in his garden and had a pleasant word for the youngster.

"I want to say good-by," said the lad; "this is my last day."

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Hanna.

The newsboy told him the circumstances.

"See here, boy, this won't do!" exclaimed the magnate. "You go back as usual tomorrow to your work."

The future clergyman did so and the cashier of the Herald greeted him as he entered.

"Gray," said he, "it's all right about those papers; you needn't pay until you get ready, and you can have all you want."

"This incident," remarks the Rev. Mr. Gray, "may seem like a small matter to many, but to me it was of vital importance, and nothing gives me greater pleasure than to recite it when I hear Mr. Hanna maligned, as all such men are apt to be in the heat of a political campaign."

Some time afterward, when the youth had given up his news work and was devoting all his time to his studies in the West High School of Cleveland, the clerk of the school one day invited him into his office and informed him that he owed a considerable sum for tuition. The student replied that he had no money and that he had not known that he was expected to pay. Tuition, however, was required, the lad being a resident of a suburb, and as he could not proceed further without payment he packed his books and went home. That night a knock came on his door and a young man in Mr. Hanna's employ handed him a receipt for the tuition for the term.

At the beginning of the next term the boy, having worked hard and earned enough at odd jobs out of school to pay his way, tendered the money.

"No," said the clerk, "you will have nothing more to pay at this school; everything has been arranged."

Mr. Hanna, says the clergyman, would not listen to any words of thanks. "I found," he continues, "that Mr. Hanna, in the same quiet way, had watched the course of many young men and had assisted them, always taking care that the feelings of those befriended should not be hurt."

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The Finger of Hankin

(Concluded from Page 10)

one of the Coast mines here at Axim. That followed the habit of most gold mines by going pop. But they've found magnificent quartz reefs on either side of his property; and so the ground has been valued at ninety thousand pounds; and, what is better still, has been sold for eighty thousand pounds and paid for. That's Nancy's now, and nothing would suit her but that she must come down here and give you news of it herself."

"My God!" said Seale. Then after a minute he added: "But what have you come down for?"

"Because," said Charteris slowly and quietly—"because I love her."

"You love Nancy! You! You love that child! But there, I suppose she's grown up. Well, are you going to tell me next that the pair of you are to be married?"

Charteris looked at him queerly.

"Shouldn't you mind," he asked, "if I did tell you that?"

"I shouldn't like it. To be candid, I don't particularly care for you, as you know. But I suppose she'll marry some day. I always have pictured that, ever since I've been on the Coast, because, you see, she must be provided for in some way."

"But, man! don't you care for her yourself?"

"Care for her!" Seale gave a mirthless laugh. "If you knew what I've been doing here all these years you wouldn't ask that. Of course I care for her."

"But how?"

"Oh, I've never defined it. Paternally, I suppose, or like a brother. That kid and I were the best of friends."

"Seale, you're a fool. Kid, you say!—she's a woman. She's the loveliest—but I'm not going to talk. You must see for yourself. Only, don't you go upstairs and make any mistake. She's got no daughter's feeling for you, or sister's; and if you go and break her heart over any nonsense of that kind I've got it in me to shoot you for your pains. I've had my life ruined for me during these last months by you being in the way, and if hers is to be spoiled too by your blundering you can understand that I shall very badly want to kill you."

"Wait a minute," said Seale unsteadily. "This has come upon me with so much suddenness that I can hardly grasp——"

"I have no more to say to you," said Charteris, and he went out into the dazzling sunshine of the Marina, where the shouting negroes were carrying loads over the brick-red dust.

Seale swayed and tottered, then pulled himself together with an effort, and went up the stairs which led to his house above. Nancy knew his footstep and met him at the door, a radiant vision in tropical white. He felt himself entangled by her arms. Her lips were against his ear. "Oh, Ted! my love," she was saying to him; "I could not wait for you any longer. Ted, darting, I had to come. Oh! my own love, if you only knew how I have hungered for you, you would have come to me sooner."

Then Seale's eyes were opened. He did not make the blunder which Charteris had warned him against. He felt no inclination that way. A new feeling toward the girl surged within him like a glow of fire. "Sweetheart," he whispered back to her, "I never knew you would be like this. If I had known, I could never have kept myself away from you."

Preparing the Impromptu

GREAT orators have generally refused to speak on the spur of the moment on important themes. Demosthenes, the king of orators, would never speak in a public meeting without previous thorough preparation. Daniel Webster, when once pressed to speak on a subject of great importance, refused, saying that he was very busy, and had no time to master it. When a friend urged that a few words from him would do much to awaken public attention to the subject, he replied: "If there be so much weight in my words it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is imbued with it." On one occasion, Webster made a remarkable speech without notes before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard University, when a book was presented to him. After he had gone, a manuscript copy of his eloquent "impromptu" address, carefully written, was found in the book, which he had forgotten to take away.

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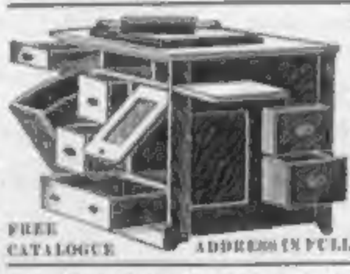

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